Week ending November 17 1945

Every Thursday—Threepence

JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL TO-DAY No 3 The Musician by Stanley Herbert

SNARES FOR THE DEMOBBED

: : : see centre pages

"I couldn't see him for the fog, Mister"

"You've got to watch for children every minute you're out," says Policeman 197. "It doesn't do to let up a second. The fog frightened this little chap. He thought the only way to cross the road was to make a dash at it, and crashed into a bicycle. It's plain he'd never learned his Kerb Drill!"

Over 1,000 children are killed on the roads every year. Remember that please—and whether you're driving, cycling or walking in foggy, wet or slippery weather—*take no chances.* Mothers and fathers, will you protect your children by teaching them to stop at the edge of the kerb and look both ways? They'll soon learn if you always do your Kerb Drill too. With the return of heavy traffic, plus the winter conditions now upon us, only the greatest care on *everybody's* part can

Keep Death off the Road

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport.

SAXA
the best packet
SALT

FOOD FACTS

Flavouring

makes all the difference

Even everyday, taken-for-granted dishes can be made to taste different, and otherwise uninteresting food can be given a fillip, by clever choice of herbs and other flavourings. And because well-flavoured food creates appetite, you enjoy it more, and digest it better. Try some of these suggestions and experiment yourself, too. You'll get compliments on your cooking, and the family will get more good from their meals.

Soups Dried mint or thyme is good in potato soup. Try a pinch of dried marjoram or basil. Because it has a strong flavour, use the basil sparingly.

Stews Add a small piece of a clove of garlic or a pinch of dried basil, or a bay leaf. Don't overdo these, as they are all strong flavourings. Paprika is good with meat stews, also 2 or 3 whole cloves or a pinch of ground cloves.

Salads Try rubbing a cut clove of garlic round the salad bowl before making your salad. Or mix in a little grated orange rind, or a little grated horse-radish. Pickle vinegar adds flavour to salad dressings.

Savouries Marjoram improves most savoury dishes. Add a pinch to mince or rissoles, or add mixed herbs, or a small piece of bay leaf. A pinch of ground mace or nutmeg lends a subtle flavour to egg and cheese dishes.

Sauces As an alternative to parsley sauce with fish, serve mustard sauce or a sharp sauce made by adding chopped pickles to any plain sauce recipe. Or add grated horse-radish to white sauce and serve with fish, or bake the fish with sliced onions and nutmeg.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

To serve with baked apples, stewed pears or apples, or with a steamed or baked pudding.

Ingredients: 2 level tablespoons flour, 1 level tablespoon cocoa, milk and water, 1 level tablespoon sugar, few drops of vanilla essence. *Method:* Mix the flour and cocoa to a smooth cream with a little of the milk and water and bring the remainder to the boil. Pour on to the blended mixture, return to the pan and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Boil gently for 5 minutes, remove from the heat and stir in the sugar and essence.

MORE FOOD FACTS BY RAD'O AT 8.20 A.M. ON THURSDAYS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 278

Names to Remember!

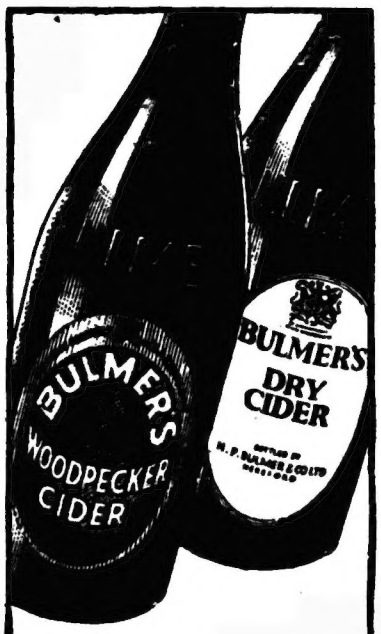
"WHEATSHEAF" BRAND SHIRTS AND OVERALLS FOR QUALITY AND COMFORT

Obtainable only from Co-operative Societies

Issued by the

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

CIN1752XA



BULMER'S Cider is still restricted to certain areas. Soon zoning will end and Bulmer's will once again be greeting old friends and making new ones everywhere.

Bulmer's CIDER

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD.
reyds 753.B

MISS NAFFY SAYS—

'There's a job here for *you*!'

Miss Naffy can continue to provide the comforts which the Forces need, only so long as the organisation behind her works smoothly. But Naafi is today facing a most serious staff shortage throughout its Home establishments, where, in canteens and 'behind the scenes' alike, there are many paid jobs for both men and women. These vacancies *must* be filled if Naafi's service to the Forces is to be maintained. Your local Employment Exchange has details. Ask them if there is a job in an area where you are prepared to work and (if you are now in employment) whether you can obtain release. And do it *now* — Naafi's need is urgent!

Serve the Services in NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces in War and in Peace

1½d

You haven't experienced the luxury of the perfect shave unless you've used a Laurel—made from Sheffield's finest steel by Sheffielders in the home of the cutting edge.

LAUREL

THE GOOD-TEMPERED SHEFFIELD BLADE

Made by George Lawrence Ltd. of Sheffield

CVS—21

He loves me.... he loves me not!

If you have to do this to find out—he doesn't! And the reason might easily be —dingy teeth.

Play Safe! use COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM *Twice a day*

Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth ... brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth—with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

1/1 *Including Tax*

"... the years that the locust hath eaten ..."

Since 1939 large numbers of our men and women have been serving their country in the Forces.

Soon many of them will be returning to their homes, anxious to make a place for themselves in the life of a nation pursuing the arts of peace.

Constructive help will be needed in solving the many business problems that will confront them after long absence from the ordinary affairs of daily life.

The managers of the branches of the Midland Bank have a wealth of experience and knowledge in such matters which they will gladly place at the disposal of men and women—whether customers of the Bank or not—upon their return to civilian life.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

write to JOHN BULL about it

Our expert advisers have won the confidence and gratitude of thousands of readers. If you have a problem to solve this Service will help you, too

POST-WAR PAY FOR PRE-WAR JOB?

"I HAVE RECENTLY been discharged from the Army and shall shortly begin work again with my pre-war employers.

"When I was last employed there, I was a single man earning £3 10s. a week as a clerk. Now I am married and, of course, the cost of living has risen.

"Are there any recognised figures which might help in calculating what my new salary ought to be?"

✓Your problem is one which is facing many thousands of men and women who are about to return to their former occupations. The law, known as the Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act, 1944, requires your former employer to re-employ you on terms "not less favourable" than those which would have been applicable to a person doing your kind of work.

These terms should be taken as the minimum which would apply to you if you had remained with the firm instead of joining up. The cost of living index figure was 55 in September, 1939. In September this year it had risen to 103.

There are no agreements fixing the minimum rates of pay for clerks. If you belong to a trade union you should ask for assistance from the union itself.

Huts for Homes

"I HAVE BEEN TOLD that some Army and Air Force huts are for sale at about £85 each. Is this so?

"If so, how do I go about getting one? And can they be erected wherever the owner pleases?"

✓These huts are being used for the housing of homeless people. It is unlikely that you will be able to get one unless you have a very good reason. Applications should be made to the Under-Secretary, Ministry of Supply, Adelphi, London, W.C.2.

You will not be allowed to erect a hut wherever you please. Even if the owner of the land gives you permission, you will still have to follow the conditions imposed by the local by-laws. They can be ascertained by inquiring at the local council offices.

Long Illness

"MY DAUGHTER is employed in a cotton mill. She has been off three or four weeks each year through illness, and has always had forty-seven or forty-eight stamps on her employment card.

"The last time she was off she was placed on the disablement benefit fund. I always thought that, if she sent a medical certificate, that put matters straight with regard to her stamps.

"Is it right for her to be put on the disablement fund when she works forty-seven or forty-eight weeks a year?"

✓The explanation is that periods of illness which occur within twelve months are linked up and treated

Continued on page 22

You can keep your flying fishes
And your road to Mandalay,
Your dawns that come too early, and
Your nights in old Cathay.

I'm a simple-hearted soldier
With a single simple need:
I'd swop the whole darned Orient for
An English book to read.

Books and magazines are needed more than ever by our Forces overseas now that hostilities have ended. Keep up the supply. Go over your bookshelves regularly and turn out every book you can spare. Hand them over any post-office counter without wrapping, stamps or label. Just say: Books for the Forces.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Label Fable 1 THE WIFE AND THE OTHER WOMAN

1—"Bill never kisses me good-bye now—just pulls at his collar and bangs out the door. I'll b-bet there's Another Woman!"

2—"Says here 'Sanforized shirts will not shrink out of fit. Maybe My Bill's being Choked by a shrunk-up shirt!'

3—"Bill says I'm the Cleverest Wife since I found 'Sanforized' shirts for him. He always looks for the 'Sanforized' label now."

4—"Look for this label when you buy overalls, shirts, pyjamas, tub-frocks..."

•SANFORIZED•
Will not shrink out of fit

Put on warm air...

Wool gives you warmth without weight, because much of the warmth of Wool is the natural warmth of air held in the loose texture of the fabric. This air-Wool mixture is the best natural protection known. It wraps you in soft, unvarying warmth and isolates you from the treachery of the weather.

Keep your WOOL on—
and keep well!

Issued by the International Wool Secretariat

I'm Growing up the WRIGHT way

with WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
IDEAL FOR TOILET & NURSERY

DON'T ENVY THE MUSICIAN

by HANNEN SWAFFER

JOHN BULL TO-DAY (3)

WHILE in successful dance bands a saxophonist earns as much as £55 a week, and a pianist £70, the plight of the average musician is pitiful.

Of the 4,000 London members of the Musicians' Union over a quarter are unemployed or scraping out an existence on casual work. At times, the unemployment figure reaches 50 per cent.!

One pianist, who at one time was paid £1,000 a year, recently earned only £9 in a month.

The Musicians' Union's general rate for music-hall musicians varies, according to districts, from £5 to £6 a week.

In the big orchestras, the players make an average of less than £10 a week.

Players in symphony orchestras get £2 to £2 10s. for a single rehearsal and concert. For broadcasts of a concert, players get 12s. 6d. above their usual pay. The conductor and soloists receive 25 per cent. extra.

Usually, musicians are "too old" at forty-five.

The toothbrush that "Jumps to it"

THIS is a Wisdom Toothbrush, the brush that gives a brisker, certain clean. Your teeth feel fresher and there's a sparkle in your mouth. The anchored Nylon tufts "jump to it," even after months of wear. No wonder Wisdoms are in such demand.

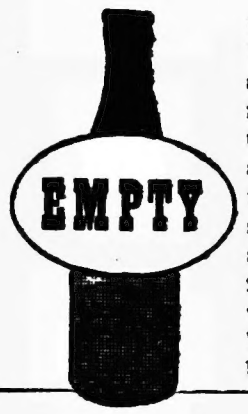
NOTE THE SHAPE. *The brush is shaped so that all the tufts come into action at once.*

Wisdom TOOTHBRUSH

OUTLASTS THREE ORDINARY BRUSHES

Made by Addis Limited, makers of the first Toothbrush in 1780

worth ☛ its ☛ weight ☛ in ☛ coal ☛



SDI mineral and squash bottles *must* be returned as soon as they are empty if soft drinks supplies are to be maintained. It takes a ton of coal to make a ton of glass, and coal supplies for glass-making are strictly limited. Those few empties in *your* larder will help to relieve the bottle shortage. Every bottle counts, SO PLEASE...

Return those empties

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor St., London, W.1
CVS 41

HOW *Heartening!*

Now she can again enjoy the best of all breakfasts

Heartening indeed to know that Quick Quaker Oats are back—satisfying, time-saving, enjoyable — all their goodness and purity sealed in the familiar package. Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker Oats.

Quick QUAKER OATS

Q.O.33B

"A baby should be weaned gradually, and I believe in starting him at six months old with a feed of Robinson's 'Patent' Groats and milk. This is just what baby needs at this stage to build healthy bones and flesh. So gradually substitute Robinson's 'Patent' Groats and milk for one or more breast or bottle feeds until, at nine months, he is ready for a mixed diet."

ROBINSON'S 'PATENT' GROATS

FREE SAMPLE sent on application, together with a copy of booklet on the care of infants entitled "Steps to Health", if 1d. stamp is enclosed. Keen Robinson, Dept. DZ. 43, Norwich.

CVS-43

BLUE CAP CHEESE?

—but it WILL be back one day, with the same delightful, appetising flavour. Until then Blue Cap Processed Cheese must remain a happy memory.

BLUE CAP LIMITED

A good start

Mrs. Brown's Peter is all set for a great future. With a sturdy body, lots of energy and steady nerves, he will come out on top. He has Fry's cocoa every day—the family *food drink* for all ages and stages.

5d qtr lb · 9½d half lb · 1/6 1-lb tin

FRY'S COCOA

The family food drink

FOR BODY BUILDING · FOR ENERGY · FOR RESTFUL SLEEP

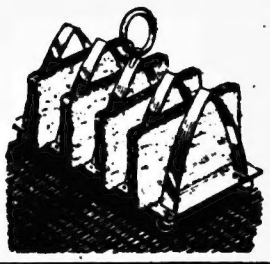
'CAMP'

FULL STRENGTH

FINE FLAVOUR

Wise people say

HŌVIS



-every day

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

No health dangers for Elsie on *this* floor! Mother uses Lifebuoy wherever she can, to get rid of dirt and the germs it carries. There's safety in the antiseptic lather of . . .

Lifebuoy

It's more than a good soap —it's a good habit!

21d per tablet

L 419-843-65) LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, it is because so many continue to have special need of it

For six years Horlicks has gone to the fighting forces, the hospitals, and war factories. Many of these needs must still be met.

Meanwhile, nearly as much Horlicks is reaching the shops as in 1939 — but many more people are asking for it today. If you still find Horlicks difficult to get, remember that any extra supplies must still go to those who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

JOHN BULL November 17 1945 Volume 78 Number 2057 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

WILL STALIN COME TO LONDON?

Ex-Reporter Makes his Mark. Is Germany Still a Menace? No Free Shows for the Troops. Football Pools Profits. M.P.'s Head Turned—by Vodka

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has made it clear that it would welcome an early visit from Generalissimo Joseph Stalin to this country. The British people heartily support that invitation.

That he would get a record-breaking reception is certain. Whatever doubts Stalin might have about the attitude of the average Briton towards the U.S.S.R. would be substantially allayed, we think, by the warmth of his welcome.

All statesmen have their weaknesses. Even Stalin. His greatest is lack of first-hand knowledge of the two Western democracies.

Victory Visit

Several times during the war the Coalition Government tried without success to bring Stalin to Britain. The invitations were declined on the grounds that the war situation made it impracticable for the Soviet leader to accept.

This was not unreasonable. But it no longer holds good. The world is at peace—an uneasy peace, perhaps, but still peace.

There remains the problem of Stalin's health. Undoubtedly he has not been well. But sensational scares about his indisposition may be disregarded. Clearly the British Government has no information that would lead it to suppose that he could not make the journey to London.

Bevin's Bluntness

BLUNT WORDS from Ernest Bevin. We expect them. We get them.

His speech last week in Parliament ran true to form. It was necessarily in general terms. But his plea for "all cards on the table—face up" should re-echo round the world.

The suspicion eating away at the one-time solid edifice of the United Nations must be stopped—or civilisation will stop.

About the atomic bomb. Bevin was vague because that matter is being discussed by Prime Minister Attlee and President Truman. Yet we wish that Bevin had given more encouragement for the sane view that so long as America and Britain retain atomic "secrets" so long will the U.S.S.R. be distrustful of our joint motives.

Mission to Maryland

The conversations upon which man's future may depend are taking place in the U.S. Presidential yacht *Potomac*, cruising in Chesapeake Bay off the coast of Maryland.

The fresh sea air should sweep away any cobwebs that may be cluttering up odd corners of the minds whose task it is to tackle the massive problems on the agenda.

"Cards on the table" is a good slogan. But it will fall strangely on Russians ears while Britain and America keep a spare "atomic" pack up their sleeves.

Our scientists may cause embarrassment by threatening to tell all they know. Yet most people will surely regard them as being more truly statesmanlike in this matter than the statesmen.

Backward March?

BUT WE MUST also say that some of the Soviet Union's feats of intellectual acrobatics amaze us.

Typical is the point of view in the Soviet Press and radio talks that the main fear of the world must still be "German aggressive imperialism, which has twice in a quarter of a century plunged the world into bloody war!"

Lenin Logic

That is a sentence from a recent Moscow radio talk. We wonder if the broadcaster really believed it himself.

Our recollection of Soviet diagnosis of the last war was that it constituted a bloody quarrel between international thieves, all equally culpable. This was certainly Lenin's viewpoint.

Now time marches on, and it seems that for tactical reasons there have been revised Soviet judgments on World War 1—and a lot of other things.

To-day's Danger

For some years to come Germany can offer no physical menace to the rest of the world. It is nonsense to pretend otherwise. What, then, is the danger?

It is simply that the Allies, standing with their feet on the corpse of Germany, may quarrel about disposal of the body. And that planned world peace, based on collaboration between the Big Three, will thereupon collapse.

Hadn't we better get on with the job of making the United Nations Organisation really work?

Hector Worries

WHATEVER HAPPENS in Western Europe this winter, there is plenty of trouble brewing merrily elsewhere, with Greece taking a leading place in the Chaos Stakes.

Now in Athens is young Hector McNeil, ex-newspaper reporter now Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office. He shares with John Strachey, Under-Secretary of State for Air, the happy knowledge of having so far been a first-rate front bench success.

McNeil's job is to find out if there is any hope of running a reasonably satisfactory and fair election in Greece in the near future.

The Foreign Office has been disturbed by the discrepancies between official reports it has received and unofficial reports from good sources. These reports hopelessly contradict one another. McNeil will try to make sense out of the tangle.

Palestine Postbag

THICK AND FAST fall the fervent appeals and forthright demands about Palestine in the M.P.s mail. From all parts of the world partisans pour in letters, messages, periodicals, pamphlets and circulars.

Practically all this ever-growing post supports Zionism—that is to say, it asks for permission for the immediate entry into Palestine of 100,000 Jews, with a substantial and regular immigration afterwards.

Over recent weeks much of the language in which the Zionist case has been presented has grown more violent and assertive. This fact has been noted with regret and concern by one or two younger Jewish M.P.s, who have incurred some unpopularity with the less thoughtful section of Zionists by openly criticising this tendency.

Partners Apart

But, in Parliament as in the country, the Palestine issue splits opinion irrespective of Party ties. A typical example is the cleavage on the issue between Sidney Silverman and Dick Stokes, two Labour M.P.s who almost always work in the closest harmony.

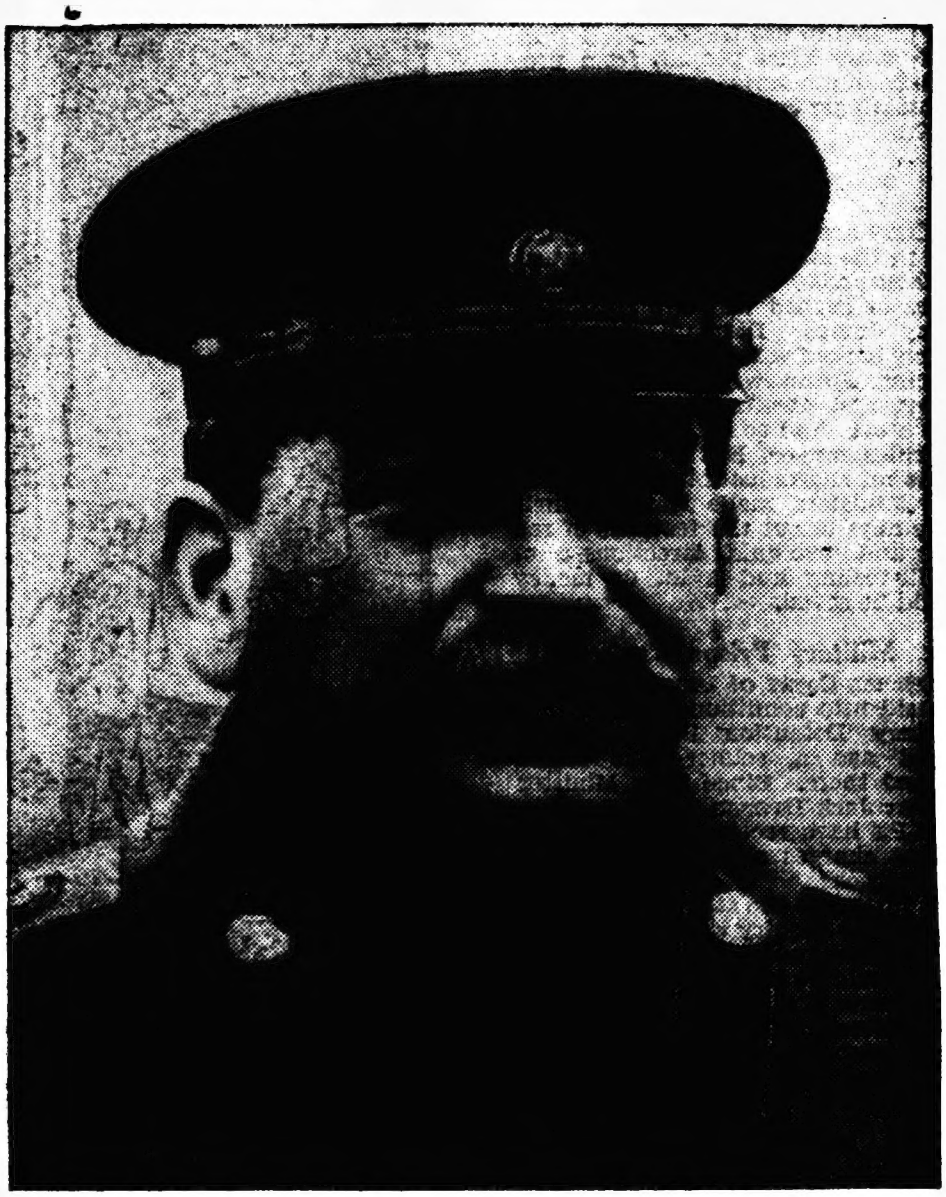
Silverman, silver-haired, silver-tongued Liverpool lawyer, is a brilliant advocate of the Jewish case. Stokes, industrialist and Catholic, scarcely less eloquent, is one of Parliament's foremost champions of the Arab case.

These two doughty protagonists, who act together on many matters, have agreed not even to discuss Palestine when they are together.

Number Unobtainable

ONE OF THE HARDEST men to telephone is Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders, principal of the London School of Economics. It's easier to send him a telegram.

The School, which has trained so many public figures, has just got back to its own building after its



Is Stalin really ill? Rumours fly, but the British Government must have good reason for thinking that he would be well enough to come to London

"OUR FAITH IN JOHN BULL IS MORE THAN JUSTIFIED"

writes Mr. J. Knott, of Pelaw, in acknowledging cheque paid under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance when burglars broke into his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

evacuation period in Cambridge. But it finds that the war time occupant, the Air Ministry, has transferred all the School's telephones to its own switchboard, and won't allow the School to use them.

So some 2,000 people, from professors to students, are securely but infuriatingly cut off from the outside world.

Barbed

There are other maddening hold-ups in the switch from war to peace.

Thousands upon thousands of miles of barbed wire are rusting in Army dumps. Farmers, who want to buy barbed wire for essential farm fencing, spend weeks in filling up forms and awaiting permission to buy some. And so on.

Trifles, maybe. But trifles can add up to an enormous total. If some of our Ministers made time in their busy days to cut the festoons of red tape and issue quick directions, a lot of ill-feeling and a lot of money would be saved.

Military Prison Probe

A SPECIAL COURT of Inquiry is to be held into conditions at Stakehill Military Detention Barracks. Six weeks ago a soldier was found hanged there. Since then Minister of War Jack Lawson and a number of M.P.s have received detailed and serious charges about conditions at the barracks.

In justice to the staff, the decision to hold the Inquiry was a sound one. For the time being, any further comment would be improper.

Whatever the results of the present investigations, there is still good reason to believe that Military Prison and Detention Barracks conditions are far from satisfactory.

Forgotten Men

In the near future, one M.P. proposes to take up in Parliament the case of those men now serving long sentences for desertion under fire.

Some of the revelations will shock public opinion. The truth is that all these sentences should now be reviewed. Of course, in theory, they are reviewed from time to time. But it is a perfunctory process.

Men now serving these sentences include some who fought their way with distinction through the desert campaign; they include youngsters whose nerve went when they came under fire for the first time. These are cases which, we believe, need special re-examination.

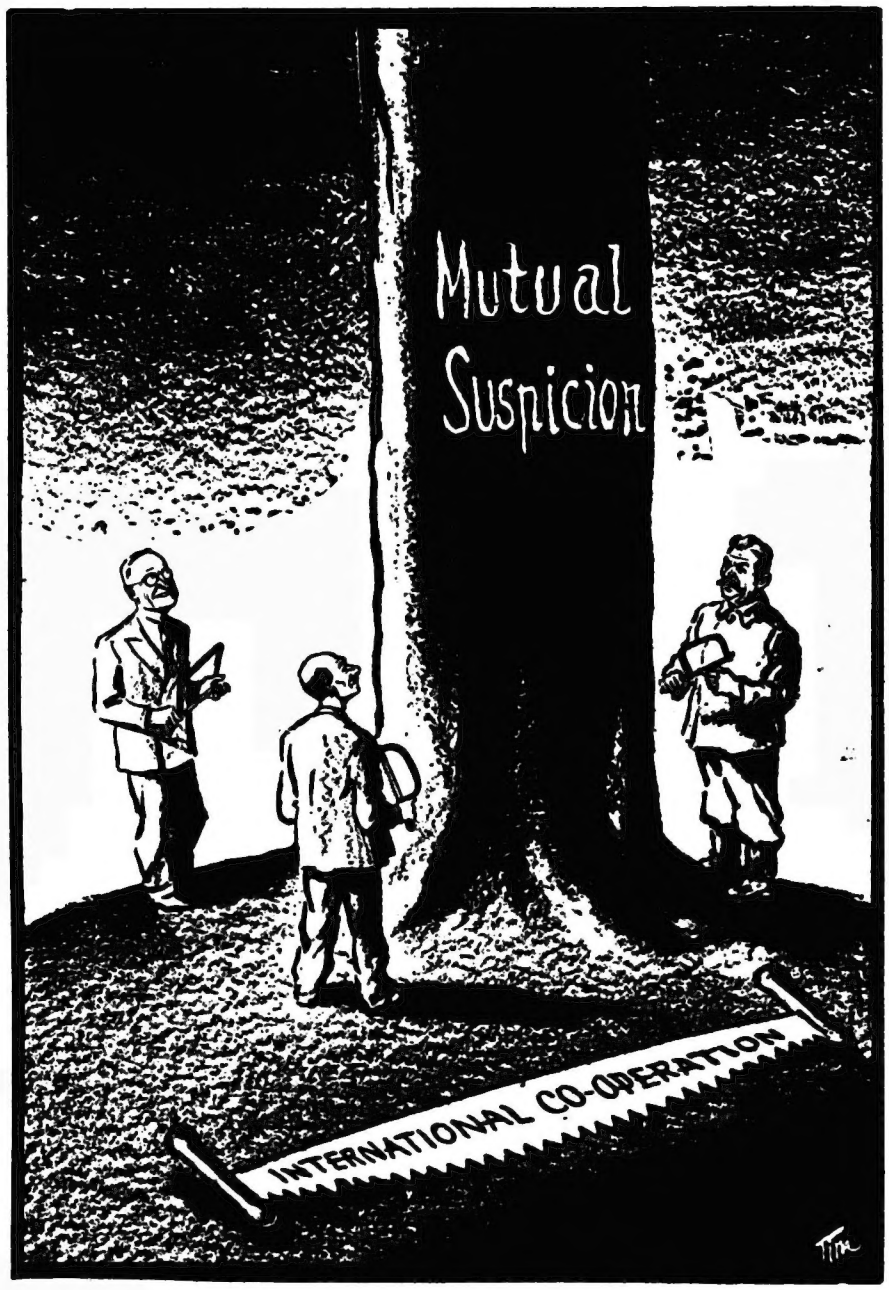
Tommy's Tanner

FROM JANUARY 1 our troops in Europe will have to pay 6d. to see an Ensa stage or cinema show. From that same date the free issue of a limited quantity of newspapers to units will cease. This announcement of twin meannesses appearing in the Press seems incredible.

If, in fact, these miserable decisions have been made, those who made them—presumably the higher-ups of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes ("Naafi" to the boys)—had better think again.

Naafi's Millions

At present, Naafi, which can well afford it, meets the cost of the free newspapers, and indirectly foots the bill for the often doubtful delights of



WHY NOT TRY THE BIG ONE?

Ensa entertainment. Why should this policy be changed?

Even if, as we hope, these reports of Naafi niggardliness are denied, there would still be plenty of justification for the widespread discontent that has existed and does exist in all three Services with the central administration and price policy of Naafi.

Bossed by a Board and Council nominated by the three Service Ministries, Naafi has vast sums undisposed of. It continues to make substantial profits. It rouses resentment by refusing to lower prices, while at the same time making its big grants to Service charities.

There is substance in all these complaints of Naafi shortcomings, about which JOHN BULL will have more to say very shortly. In every theatre of war Naafi staffs have done magnificent work. Too often, alas, they are blamed for policies made right at the top of the Naafi hierarchy.

Pool Profits

THE MAN WHO likes to fill up football pool coupons may not realise that the proportion of money received which they choose to return in winnings, is entirely at the discretion of football pool proprietors.

This is a serious matter. It means in effect that the bucket-shop pool promoter—and there are more of them ready to resume activities than is healthy—can fleece to the limit those foolish enough to patronise him.

We know one such firm whose income was calculated at several hundreds of pounds per week, which never paid out more than £40 in one week throughout its racketeering career.

Punters' Protection

Much of the bigger pool business is, of course, honestly conducted. It is the other kind which, as the law now stands, can function quite openly, about which steps should be taken.

Whether spending money on football pools is wise or silly is beside the point. It is the duty of the State to protect people from gross exploitation even when they are foolish.

This is why we look forward with some interest to questions which will shortly be appearing on the House of Commons Order Paper on this subject.

Turning the Screw

A MAN WE KNOW owned his own house. He had paid round about £1,000 for it. But house, furniture and everything else disappeared in the blitz.

To add to his misfortunes he has become paralysed. He badly needs furniture to add a little comfort to his existence. So, greatly daring, he asked the War Damage people for some of the compensation they owe him. They were sorry, but they couldn't help. And lots more bomb victims are being turned away.

The screw is being given an extra turn; less money is being paid out to the folk who need it most.

What? Empty Coffers?

Presumably, the war is over. Presumably, despite the unpleasantness of the atomic bomb, the Government need not reckon on fresh crops of war damage in the next year or so. And presumably it is time to repay the householders who insured themselves in the State's war damage scheme and who badly need the money to set up house again.

The only reason for not doing so would be national bankruptcy. But though Britain's coffers may not be well-filled, they are surely not so empty as Mother Hubbard's larder.

Now He Knows!

THERE WAS ONE well-known politician who will long remember the reception given by the Soviet Ambassador in London to celebrate the 28th anniversary of the Soviet Union.

He had never before tasted vodka, but was assured by treacherous friends that it was, in fact, a vastly overrated drink, lacking in potency. Lured on by this, he drank liberally.

Not until he left the Embassy, to use his own words, "did the pavement rock, roll and nosedive." What the politician said to his friends the next day was heard and enjoyed by a large circle of fellow legislators in the Commons smokeroom.

Furniture Famine

THERE ARE LONG, lean months ahead before anything like a steady flow of furniture from the factories can even begin. Meanwhile, the total of Utility furniture dockets in the hands of people entitled to them reaches, and will remain at, a gigantic figure.

So even when the flow does begin there will be a mighty queue of priority customers to be satisfied.

Unlike many industries, the furniture bottleneck Number One is not labour—it is raw material, timber, and particularly plywood. There is a world-wide shortage of the latter.

Cripps in Action

Sir Stafford Cripps has the responsibility for tackling the shortage.

Under his direction experiments are now proceeding in many parts of the country to devise effective metal substitutes for plywood.

At the same time, an effort is being made to increase Britain's own production of plywood, never particularly large. No one appreciates more than Cripps that the furniture production programme must keep pace with houses.

Racketeers Rejoice

The second-hand furniture racket must be worrying him a lot.

Purchasers ought to hasten to Price Regulation Committees to expose the profiteer prices they are asked to pay. Instead, they connive in racketeering, because they have no alternative in satisfying their urgent needs.

This is a tragedy. There is no easy

way out of it. The only answer is more furniture in the shops, and it will be a while before that answer can be made. More's the pity.

Boys Will Be—

SHIPOWNERS ARE ASTONISHED. All of them have a long waiting list of would-be apprentices for the Merchant Navy. The situation, they say, is unprecedented.

At the same time comes news that young men and boys are no longer flocking into Civil Service jobs.

So our young men still have the adventurous spirit, apparently. But, of course, they proved that in 1940.

Shilling a Time

A SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVE came face to face with a well-dressed man in a hotel lobby the other day. They just couldn't help looking at each other.

The civilian, after a second's pause, brushed by. He said as he passed: "You'll never get me even if you live to ninety. I pay my people too well."

He does pay well. He can afford to, for his income is many hundreds of pounds a week.

A large part of his business concerns clothing coupons—of which seven millions were lost, stolen or destroyed in the year ending last September.

We are reminded of this because the Black Market price of each coupon has risen to 1s.—in some towns, indeed, to as high as 1s. 6d.

He Hardly Bets

LORD DERBY TOPPED both owners' and breeders' lists in the flat racing season that has just ended. And, owning the leading two-year-olds he may well be in front again next year.

Gordon Richards led the jockeys and Walter Earl the trainers. Gordon had 104 winners and, incidentally, brought his complete total to 3,000. Walter Earl, with twenty-one winners in forty-one races, won an aggregate value of £28,855.

Bookmakers took one of their biggest hidings in years over Dante's win in the Derby.

And yet Lord Derby, the winning owner and breeder with over £50,000 in his favour during the season, hardly bets at all.

Poor Old Pensioners

IN SPITE OF ITS wonderful ground and as loyal band of supporters as can be found anywhere in the country, Chelsea Football Club never reaches the heights. It has been a music-hall joke for years, comparable with mothers-in-law and Wigan. Yet this season it has been playing football of the highest class.

Now it has bought Tommy Lawton—one of the finest centre forwards England has ever had.

It wouldn't surprise us if he makes the famous pensioners the great side they deserve to be and follow in the tradition of Hughie Gallacher and Andy Wilson, two of the cleverest centre forwards ever to play for Scotland.

Educating the Employers

IN OUR ARTICLE, "Educate the Employers" (JOHN BULL, October 13), comments were made on the incompetence of senior Army officers. It has been suggested that these might appear to be the views of Lt.-Col. R. A. C. Radcliffe, adviser on resettlement to the Minister of Labour, an interview with whom was the basis of our article.

We wish to point out that the comments in question were entirely those of JOHN BULL, and did not arise from anything said by Col. Radcliffe.

THE CRIME WAVE MUST BE STOPPED

ONE OF THE BIGGEST crime-waves this country has known is spreading. The Government has decided to release 8,000 police from the Forces to help to stem the tidal-wave of murders, organised gangs, forgeries and other swindles.

The disclosures made by William J. Gage, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, have prompted other papers to take up the challenge. And Scotland Yard, already overworked, is planning a country-wide attack.

The crooks are retaliating by employing clever and intelligent men to do their "jobs." Crime is now planned like a military operation. Everything is considered beforehand down to the smallest details.

Scotland Yard is not only up against local crooks. As passport regulations relax, and travel from the continent becomes easy, there will be an influx of international rogues.

Provincial murders are No. 1 C.I.D. headache. There are six chief detectives at Scotland Yard—all specialists in murder inquiries. Four of them are now in provincial towns. It is right they should be.

But there's a big problem that must be settled. Yard men are often only called in after local police officers have spent days making inquiries, or when all clues have failed.

Three murders, which occurred almost simultaneously, remain unsolved almost certainly because experts were not called in time.

Precious time is wasted because local forces have to consult watch committees and council officials before the Yard can be called. The cost of the local police is borne by the Council, consequently skilled men are sometimes not called early enough "owing to expense."

Closer co-operation must be maintained between local forces and the Yard. The Home Office should ensure that experts are available everywhere as soon as needed.

Chief-Inspector Ivor McDonald, one of Scotland Yard's most noted detectives, is now specialising in crime wave murder inquiries

PROSPERITY DEPENDS ON THIS

YOU KNOW NOTHING of economics, perhaps. Financial policy is a matter for the experts, you say.

Nonsense!

Too many of our people have been fooled too often by this phony, fantastic myth about the sacred mysteries of Big Money.

Think back to those dark days when the mighty armies of misery shuffled their way wearily along United States bread-lines and British dole queues. Never forget that most of that grim, long-drawn-out tragedy began in stupid, squalid intrigues around Wall Street and Threadneedle Street.

Now there is good news about Big Money.

The Government is to control the flow of capital, to regulate it into those channels of greatest service to our country. JOHN BULL welcomes this decision.

CONSIDER THE FACTS. In bygone, crazy times basic industries, upon which our very lives depended, were starved of capital. Great enterprises, gasping for financial aid, crumpled up.

While iron and steel, coal and shipbuilding were denied the means to exist, Capital fought wildly to pour itself into luxury, get-rich-quick investments.

Tyneside and South Wales, the wilderness of Clydeside, the derelict mills of Lancashire — these were the ghastly monuments, the sombre tragic symbols of the lunacy that called itself High Finance.

Those were the days when at every street corner the human derelicts could be seen, mute victims of a vicious circle of chaos. Those were the days when each report from the doctors in the vast areas of industrial depression told of malnutrition, of mounting tuberculosis figures, of a veritable slaughter of the children born of parents in the poverty belt.

This must not happen again. How often has it been said before? This time we think the nation means it. The minds of men and women have learnt much in these years of sorrow and travail.

The Government must boldly interpret into action this new-found strength and determination of the people to have better things for themselves and their children.

That is why all of us should applaud the Government's steps to fulfilment of the election pledge that industries, especially those vital in the export trade, will be certain of sufficient capital to meet the great demands our necessities place upon them. That is why we must approve the decision to set up a National Investment Board making Capital indeed the servant of the people.

THERE WILL BE CRITICISM. Advocates of anarchy, flaunting the flag of so-called "free enterprise" in one hand and plans for "get-rich-quick" schemes in the other, will condemn the essential and sane proposals which the Government are to make.

Every parasite who has filled his pockets in Stock Exchange gambling will foam at the mouth about "gross interference with personal liberty"—by which he will really mean his right to rook the community.

Some newspapers will scream woeful prophecies of economic disaster.

Let us pay no need to these ravings; treat with scorn the vague threats we shall hear of a mass revolt of the moneybags.

JOHN BULL will never hesitate to belabour this or any other Government that betrays its trust. We shall find often enough occasion to criticise and oppose things the Government does or proposes to do.

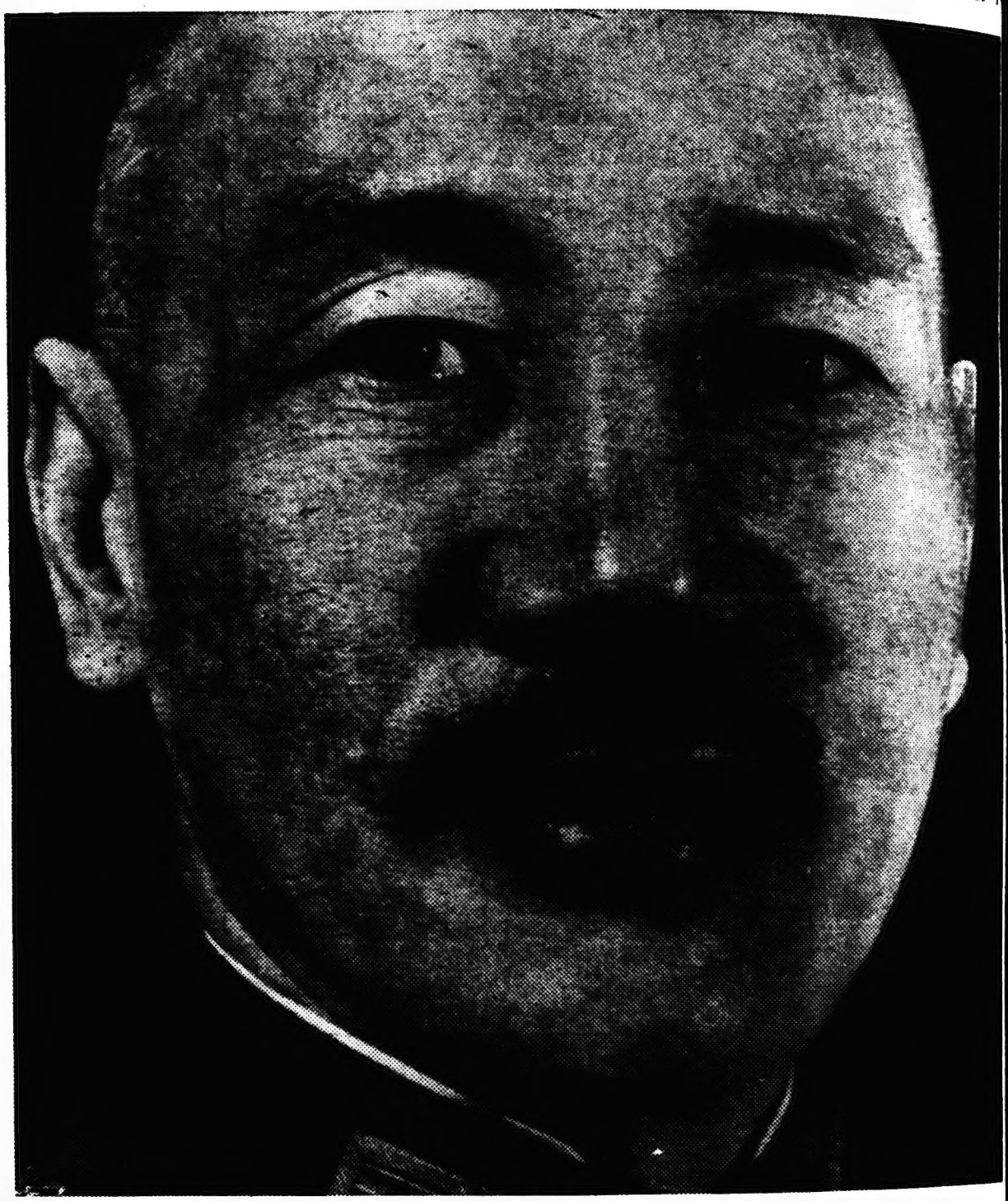
But in this, its avowed purpose of providing life-blood for our great national enterprises, the Government deserves the support of all sensible people.

The Editor

ASIA ON THE MARCH

After eight years of battling for her life, China is torn by civil war. The fate of the West as well as the East depends on the outcome. A. G. G. returns to JOHN BULL after his illness with challenging opinions on Asia's powder barrel of unrest

by A. G. GARDINER



"No world figure will out-top Chiang Kai-shek in the tremendous story of these war years. He is the one supreme leader Asia has produced in this crisis"

CIVIL WAR RAGES throughout North China. Korea and Manchuria are in flames. Rebellion is rife in Indo-China and the East Indies. Over India and westward to Palestine the sky is black with menace. Asia is on the move.

The new world that is coming to birth out of the wreckage of the war must take account of the fact. Europe has lost the leadership of the world. It is down and out—certainly for years, probably for generations.

The centre of the white civilisation has shifted across the Atlantic to the United States and Canada, and with the downfall of Europe the shadow of Asia falls over the Eastern hemisphere as it has not fallen since the hordes of Jenghiz Khan swept to the Urals and the Black Sea seven centuries ago.

"We have destroyed the hypnotism of colour," said a famous Japanese statesman when in 1904 Japan defeated Russia in Manchuria. From that triumph sprang Japan's vast design to enslave and mobilise all Asia and to drive the white man out of the Pacific and from the whole eastern world.

The German Kaiser was the first to take alarm. He raised the panic cry of "the Yellow Peril"; but ten years later he plunged Europe in war and paved the way for the fulfilment of Japan's dream of universal conquest.

Dream of Conquest

He had a similar dream of world empire, and believed that if he made himself the tyrant of Europe he could quell "the Yellow Peril" himself. It was the same calculation that led Hitler twenty-five years later to strike his bargain with Tojo.

Both conspiracies failed. Germany and Japan alike have for all practical purposes ceased to exist; but the whole structure of the world is shattered.

Europe is in the gutter and all Asia is heaving with convulsions. It has been delivered from enslavement to Japan, and it has been shaken out of its passive past, but it has no common purpose or direction.

Its motives are sometimes racial, as in Palestine; sometimes religious, as in India; sometimes nationalistic, as in Java; sometimes ideological, as in China.

There are two chief centres of immediate trouble. The first is the East Indies, where our task of ejecting the Japanese is complicated by a native rising which aims at supplanting the Dutch.

There is evidence that this rebellion is engineered by those who have collaborated with the Japanese invader, and that it is equipped with Japanese arms and inspired to some extent by Japanese and German influences.

Our purpose has been to keep out of the local quarrel in Java and preserve order until we have cleaned out the Japanese; but the foul murder of Brigadier Mallaby has compelled decisive action against the Indonesian revolutionaries.

We, like the Dutch, the Americans and the French, have many responsibilities throughout South-East Asia and the East Indies, and there is urgent need of a wise and common understanding between us for the restoration of peace and the extension of su measures of local self-Government as t native races are capable of exercising in th own interests.

The peace of the South Pacific is o common interest. It was the neglect of th interest that enabled the Japanese to ov run South Asia and the East Indies like stampede of rats.

We have been warned. America must ne forget the lesson of Guam and we must ne forget the lesson of Malaya and Singapore.

But it is China which is the key to t problem of Asia. It is no extravagance to s that the fate of the world is at stake the If she had succumbed to Japan in 1937. Japan expected, Japan might well have b victorious to-day.

For with that giant nation enslaved Jap would have established such a foothold on t mainland that her hegemony of Asia wo have been in sight of achievement. Lar than all Europe, China has a population wh is nearly one-fourth of the human race. W such a reservoir of man-power, patient, ind trious, peace-loving, Japan would have b irresistible.

That she failed was due to one ma

Chiang Kai-shek. No world figure will outtop his in the tremendous story of these years. He is the one supreme leader that Asia has produced in this crisis.

By his stedfast courage and incorruptible patriotism he has inspired his people, unarmed and unprepared, to survive for eight years the agonies of a war which the barbaric enemy expected to win in as many weeks. And at the end he has emerged with a victory as complete as any in the history of war.

But he has emerged only to find himself engaged in a civil war with the Communist faction which has stood aloof from him throughout the struggle and which now comes into the open to snatch the fruits of his victory from him.

The Chinese Communists have, in spite of the Sino-Soviet treaty, invaded Manchuria and, according to Washington information, have massed large bodies of troops on the railways.

They were, according to the Communist version, allowed in as civilians, and since their arrival have become armed with Japanese weapons. "How they got these arms is not explained, but there are no reports of the Japanese forces leaving Manchuria surrendering any quantity of arms direct to the Chinese Communists."

Whatever the explanation of the mystery Chiang Kai-shek's forces, entering to occupy Manchuria under the terms of the Sino-Soviet Treaty, find themselves opposed by the Communists, and all over North China the civil war is raging.

Battle of Ideas

It is a frankly ideological war. It is a war to decide whether China is to be a totalitarian Communist State or a free democracy. Chiang Kai-shek, who began his career by expelling Borodin from the Kuomintang, is for democracy in the sense in which it is understood in Britain and America. It is that form of constitutional democracy he seeks to establish in China.

His rival, Mao Tse-tung, gives unqualified allegiance both to Soviet Russia and the Communist world revolution. He was a member of the executive committee of the Comintern from 1935 to its dissolution in 1943, and from his book "China's New Democracy," published in 1941 and now republished in America, I take the following:

> "The world now depends on Communism for its salvation and so does China."
>
> "We cannot separate ourselves from the assistance of the Soviet Union or from the victory of the anti-capitalist struggles of the proletariat of Japan, Great Britain, the United States, France, and Germany."
>
> "No matter whom you follow, so long as you are anti-Communist you are traitors."

On the issue of the conflict of ideas now brought to a head in China much more depends than the fate of China. She is so mighty a potentiality that, whichever way she swings, totalitarian or democratic, the whole trend of Asiatic development is likely to swing with her.

And the difference between a totalitarian philosophy and a democratic philosophy is the difference between force and freedom, between war and peace. It is for this reason that I believe the fate of the world is as much at stake in China as it is in Washington or London or Moscow.

NO FREEDOM ON THE AIR

The right to speak freely—greatest of the Four Freedoms for which Britain fought—is still withheld by the B.B.C. Here is an exposure of the folly and injustice of "You-can't-be-too-careful" broadcasting, indignantly written by HANNEN SWAFFER, famous exponent of uncensored opinion

WHAT WILL HAPPEN next year when the B.B.C.'s charter expires?

Will the Labour Government insist on real Freedom of the Air—freedom of speech, freedom of thought—or will the old shackles remain?

When, two years ago, William John Haley became Director-General of the B.B.C., cynics acquainted with the troubles that faced him said: "We may not see a Haley's Comet, but we hope he won't prove a damp squib."

Reith, a wonderful administrator, was narrow in viewpoint. Ogilvie, who succeeded him for a time, is already forgotten.

As, in 1914, Haley was a wireless operator, we expected him to operate the nation's wireless successfully. This he has done.

But we looked for more than that from a man who came from the broadminded *Manchester Guardian*, of which he was joint managing director. We hoped for a greater tolerance for unorthodox and minority opinion.

Little, though, has happened. Was the Old Guard too deeply entrenched against newcomers?

"If ever there were a career open to the talents," said Haley, "it is broadcasting within the B.B.C."

Among the ill-paid staff and the under-paid artistes it caused mirth. Nation-wide publicity doesn't pay bills.

Barred Viewpoint

"We are determined to increase the amount of controversial broadcasting in the Home Service," said Haley last July.

The same pettifogging restrictions on opinion, however, continued.

How often is a working-class viewpoint ever heard in the Brains Trust? Invariably it is barred when vital topics of current interest are discussed

When, three weeks ago, there was a "Women at Work" discussion, those taking part were an industrial psychologist, employers and representative women workers.

Mrs. Roe, a trade unionist, a member of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, was asked to submit a script. When she did so, she was told by the producer, "We don't want all this trade union stuff."

Offered an alternative script, from which "all the trade union stuff" had been cut, Mrs. Roe refused to record it. Eventually she agreed to read part of her original script, on condition that it included a reference to equal pay. But, in the broadcast, Mrs. Roe's bit was cut out entirely!

That example is typical of many.

Well, we have now a Labour Government in power. What is it going to do about things when the new charter is decided on?

Before the election, the Rationalist Press Association, which has among its members some of the most distinguished thinkers in the land—Lord Horder, for instance, is among them—questioned the four Parties on whether they would support the removal of the B.B.C. "restrictions on the open discussion of all religious and philosophical opinions."

The Conservatives dodged the question: "It is not practical to offer observations." The Liberals said they had not discussed the matter. The Communists, of course, wanted all restrictions removed.

"We favour the greatest possible freedom on the B.B.C.," replied the Labour Party.

Labour is now in power! But what does "possible" mean?

Whenever anything about religion is broadcast, the B.B.C. insists that as Britain is "an avowedly Christian country"—bishops are complaining that, in reality, it is not!—nothing can be said that is not "in the main stream of Christian tradition."

This bars Judaism Unitarianism

W.J. Haley, Director-General of the B.B.C., said last July: "We are determined to increase the amount of controversial broadcasting in the Home Service"

—and J. Chuter Ede, the new Home Secretary, is a Unitarian, as was Neville Chamberlain—Christian Science, Spiritualism, and a score of other religions! Orthodoxy, which is dying, is given a monopoly.

Even when Mohammedanism, Hinduism and Buddhism were, for once, allowed to be heard, a Christian was the chairman. He put up such phrases as "Then you agree with Jesus about. . . ."

Actually, war time wireless sermons did Orthodoxy little good. I have listened to scores of them.

One curate at St. Martin's was admirable. So was a Presbyterian whose name I forget. I only remember that after his broadcast he was given an unsuccessful try-out at fashionable Pont Street, whose minister had died.

Now and then, a Methodist has struck a human note. There was one impressive service relayed from a Cornish fishing village. Occasionally, an obscure country parson has inspired many listeners.

But they are exceptions.

After many protests the Rationalists were allowed to choose Julian Huxley to put their case. But, in the title—"Why I am a Scientific Humanist"—it was most respectably camouflaged.

"Scientific humanism can provide a real and lively basis for faith in the business of living," said Huxley, "and also a spur to effort by reminding man that he is now the sole trustee for any further progress to be made by life. . . .

"The scientific humanist cannot help being a rationalist, for reason, when tested against fact and experience, becomes science, and in the modern world science alone can provide the necessary basis for further advance. . . . Only the truth can set us free of our limitations."

But we have not since heard any more of that. Huxley obviously is barred by conventional-minded folk who are afraid to upset Church people.

Mind you, I am not a Rationalist. But I believe in freedom of opinion.

Sometimes Truth does creep into the B.B.C. programmes. In the school programmes for children there was recently a fair and balanced talk on the dock strike; yes, broadcast to schools! On the other hand, the news items have included anti-Russian bits that bore all the hallmarks of fake.

Dreadful Stuff

We now have the Home Service, the Light Programme, and six Regional programmes. "It is up to each region to develop whatever talent it can find in its area," Haley has said.

A third programme of "serious entertainment" is promised for May, 1946.

Frankly, much of the "light" stuff is dreadful. The Michael Howard show is not funny. The Jack Buchanan show did a popular artiste a lot of harm. "Flotsam's Follies" is quite good. "Merry-Go-Round" and "Navy Mixture" please many. In "Serenade in Sepia" we have heard the fine voice of a coloured man. But Mabel Constanduros is wasting her talents in "The Wobbleton Wheelers," a cycle parade with lots of punctures.

The B.B.C.'s symphony concerts have raised the nation's musical taste immeasurably. And Val Gielgud's production of plays has maintained a very high level.

"Itma," of course, is unique.

But, the B.B.C. wants showmanship—for instance, highly paid commentators with original minds and no shishyism.

Most of all, it needs Freedom!

The new charter must remove the gag on originality and modernism—and make the B.B.C. part of the Brave New World!

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Ellis Smith, M.P.,

Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Charged by your chief, Sir Stafford Cripps, with the important task of giving a square deal to Britain's shopkeepers and would-be shopkeepers, you are rightly giving priority to ex-Servicemen who had to close down their businesses because of the war. They must be back in "business as usual" at the earliest date. That is elementary justice.

But you are right to issue a warning to those others who want to open shops. The proportion of small business casualties before the war was appalling Men and women, having once sunk their slender capital into "little goldmines," found it impossible to get it out again. Fooled by the fiction that the small shopkeeper's life is one of sturdy, prosperous independence, the sharks found too many victims. That must not happen again.

From all sides, your Department is being subject to steady pressure to remove all controls for the opening of retail businesses. You are asked to issue permits for opening a shop to all who want them. This is the counsel of chaos. To adopt it at a time when there is very little to put on the shelves of the old, let alone the new, shopkeeper, would be madness.

I have your specific pledge that no red-tape will be allowed to stand between the Serviceman and the shop he wants to open. I know that pledge will be kept. Equally so, it is your duty to protect Servicemen and others from being ensnared into ventures that will leave them penniless.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. E. Hart,

Chief Constable of Middlesbrough

DEAR SIR,—You, like so many others, are appalled by the slaughter on our roads. You are doing things—excellent things—about it. You begin this month by announcing that no driver will be prosecuted for a road offence in your area unless it is serious.

"No red tape for ex-Servicemen," says Ellis Smith

At the same time, you are, by letter and poster, urging motorists to co-operate with you to make Middlesbrough's roads safe for the children—and the grown-ups. Good.

You believe the way to road safety lies through persuasion rather than the police court. I agree. I wish the four weeks' experiment to make Middlesbrough motorists "safety conscious" every success.

With one hundred children killed every month, endeavours such as yours is life-saving of a high order. —JOHN BULL.

Professor Tikhomirov,

Vize Island, Arctic Ocean

DEAR PROFESSOR,—What an odd address you have! With seven weather station experts, you have just taken up residence on your bleak island, discovered twenty years ago by Russian Professor Vladimir Vize.

You will be there many months, cut off from all contact with the outside world except by radio. Men make great sacrifices for science. You and your Soviet colleagues are foremost among those who seek to subordinate nature to the needs of man.

British scientists will be following your work with interest. What you are doing now will play an important part in making the world's skyways safe for the world's aircraft.

It seems to me that scientists can give a lot of lessons to statesmen in the art of working together for the common good. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Tom Williams, M.P.,

Minister of Agriculture

DEAR TOM WILLIAMS,—Could it, by any chance, have been your birthday last Thursday? Whether it was or not, the National Farmers' Union made you a present of a very pretty "Permanent Policy for Agriculture."

You are too good a Minister of Agriculture to buy a "pig in a poke," so you may or may not take this gift to your bosom, comfortably woolly though parts of it are. But how does it compare with your own (as yet unannounced) policy for agriculture?

The N.F.U. wants to keep home food production at its fullest. There is a world food shortage, and nobody will argue about that. The N.F.U. wants town-level housing and transport for farm workers, which is quite right and should include wages to match. It wants to borrow money to improve farm buildings, and you will not deny that they need improving!

What the farmers offer in exchange is not a bad bargain. They are willing to go on being controlled by your Ministry as in war, if you will also control markets and prices. They have not much to say yet about distribution, except that something ought to be done. A pity.

But this Union is one of the few that never go on strike. All it really wants as farmers is a fair chance to go on growing our grub. So perhaps you will not look this policy gift-horse too hard in the mouth. The question is, can you or even Gordon Richards himself make the animal go?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

THIS IS WHY

THERE WAS NEVER a man who, sooner or later, did not say to himself: "What's it all about, anyway? What's the good of it all? What am I really doing? Why am I doing it? What's the use?"

Difficult questions to answer! Impossible questions to answer, for the most part. But we can answer some of them, partially at least.

The older the world gets, the more clearly we realise the reply to that ancient question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a most emphatic *Yes!*

The great lesson of life is interdependence. Everyone is dependent on everyone else if life is to be useful and sweet.

With each passing day it becomes more important that you should not only do your part, but be the right person as you do it. You should be a clear thinking, cool-reasoning, charitable and willing doer, realising why you are doing what you are.

You should know why others are doing what *they* are. Then you will see the pattern, not just the single thread. It means you must be informed, and keep yourself informed.

Here we are back at the beginning. Why? Why? Why? But we can already see a little way, can't we?

It is clear that the more we use and develop our faculties and lend them to help others, the more we are swelling that common tide of goodwill and co-operation. The prosperity and the happiness of mankind depend on it.

Our own part may indeed be small. It is none the less vital. Never forget that.

"When our names are blotted out," said John Morley, "and our place knows us no more, the energy of each social service will remain, and so, too, let us not forget, will each social disservice remain. The thought that this is so may well lighten the poor perplexities of our daily life, and even soothe the pang of its calamities. It lifts us from our feet as on wings, opening a larger meaning to our private toil, and a higher purpose to our public endeavour."

Argument

SHOULD BLOOD SPORT BE ABOLISHED?

Yes

1. Four hundred packs, rather more than two hundred of them foxhounds, hunt and tear to pieces about 16,000 foxes a year. Otters, hares and deer are other victims.

2. A magistrate will return from the hunting field to sentence for cruelty a hard-working coster who has neglected a harness sore on his horse.

3. Huntin' and shootin' as now practised are completely artificial. Foxes are imported and hand-reared in some areas. Stags are freed from loose-boxes, hunted, and recaptured safe for next time. Pheasants, too bloated to fly, flap languidly before the guns of intrepid stockbrokers. Human decency is outraged by such spectacles.

4. Elaborate dressing up for a ritual of torture and death is recognised by psychologists as an unpleasant perversion.

5. Our greatest poets denounce blood sports. William Blake wrote:

Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre in the brain doth tear.

6 Public opinion is overwhelmingly against fox-hunting—"the pursuit of the uneatable by the unspeakable," the recreation of minds to whom a fine day is simply an invitation to murder.

No

1. The animals which are hunted are themselves hunters. Hunting is part of Nature, and to talk of cruelty is to show complete lack of proportion.

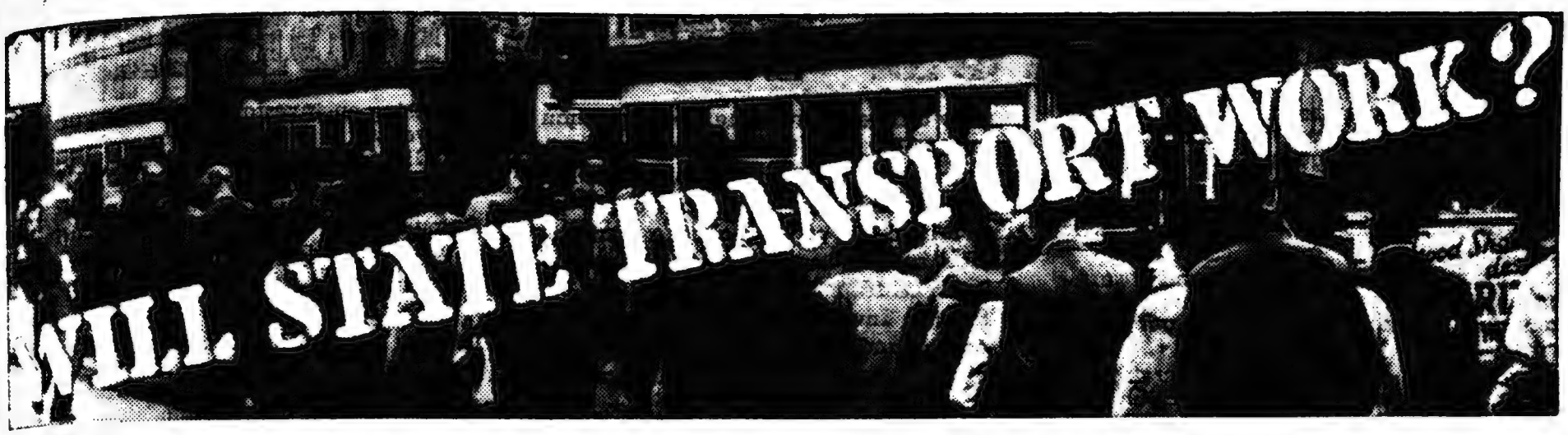
2. Blood sports are not the exclusive pleasure of the aristocracy. Coursing of hares is a poor man's sport. All classes follow the hunt.

3. Admittedly some poets have denounced blood sports, but others have written in praise of them. Our present Poet Laureate wrote a long hunting poem, "Reynard the Fox."

4. Those who oppose hunting are puritanical kill-joys. The puritan hated bear-baiting. Macaulay explained, not because of the pain to the bear, but because of the pleasure to the spectator.

5. Fox-hunting, a hard risky sport, is both in its pageantry and its test of nerve a glorious part of national tradition.

6. The hysterical abuse which its opponents pour out on hunting might be more usefully directed against the real evils of our age.



Here is a forthright answer, with no "ifs" or "buts," from a former 'bus driver and taxi-man, whose knowledge of the transport workers' problems comes from hard experience.

by HERBERT HODGE

THE LATEST BATTLE between the People and the Private Interests for control of the nation's transport is about to begin.

On November 20 the Road Hauliers (goods carriers) will hold a meeting in London to "protest against the threat of nationalisation." The 'bus companies will probably follow suit.

That was only to be expected. But what amazes me about it is the announcement that certain lorry drivers will speak at this meeting against Government control.

I can't believe it. It seems to me that any lorry or 'bus driver who could denounce Government control must be crackers.

You've only got to go back a few years, to the nineteen-twenties, to realise what a slaughter-house "free" private enterprise made of road-transport.

Take 'buses, for instance. Under "free" enterprise, the 'bus companies were fighting one another on all the profitable routes.

When you got on a 'bus, you could never be sure of getting to your journey's end. If there wasn't a big enough load, the conductor might turn the passengers off, so that the 'bus could dash away on another route.

Many drivers and conductors were working sixteen hours a day.

And if a small man really did show a bit of private enterprise and started out with his one 'bus to serve a public need on a new route, he'd be left completely free to work it up into a paying proposition. But, as soon as he had done that, as soon as the passengers were there for the taking, the big companies would put on a 'bus in front of him and a 'bus behind him, and run him off the road.

Too Free Enterprise

Finally, the Government had to step in to stop the slaughter by controlling the issue of licences, the condition of the 'buses, the routes to be covered, and the driver's hours of work—in the interests of public service and safety.

During the war I was driving a 'bus for one of the privately owned companies.

Most of us war time drivers and conductresses had come in to replace the young and fit men who had been called up. Some of us had been directed by the Ministry of Labour, others had come in voluntarily, but nearly all of us had come with the idea of doing our bit.

But we soon saw that it wasn't the 'bus company's idea. The 'bus company saw itself chiefly as an instrument for turning passengers' pennies into shareholders' profits—the 'buses being simply the machine that extracted the money.

It was a bit of a shock to us newcomers, coming in as we did with the idea that we were working in a public service.

The first shock we got on entering the garage was the notices on the walls, telling us what to do and what not to do. Nearly all with "INSTANT DISMISSAL."

"You poor perishing paupers!" said the company, in effect. "We know you've only come here to worm some money out of us. We know you'll mike and skulk and lie and cheat whenever you get a chance. But watch out! We've got our eye on you!"

Threats Without Purpose

Those threatening notices put our backs up at once. Of course, with the war time scarcity of labour, the threats didn't amount to a row of pins. The company couldn't afford to hand out the sack.

In any case, the Essential Work Order protected us against getting the sack for trivial reasons, just as it protected the company against our walking out whenever we had a mind to. The only effect of the notices was to arouse bad feeling.

Then there was the canteen, which opened from about nine till five. Fine for the office staff. But not much good to men and women working 'buses from five in the morning until ten or eleven at night.

Then there was the one small hand-basin, about a foot in diameter, plugged with a lump of rag, which was the sole washing arrangement for some 150 men. And the water-closets—at one period without toilet-paper for six consecutive weeks.

If you complained, you were told there was a war on. But the war hadn't started until 1939. These things belonged also to the days of peace.

There was the same attitude in the supervision of the 'buses on the road.

Many a worried conductress, keeping her overloaded 'bus running on schedule by sheer determination and guts, would be crimed by some pettifogging 'bus inspector and find herself on the mat next day. And all because she'd missed a penny fare.

The things that really got my goat were the self-starters. Overnight, the 'buses, instead of all being kept at the central garage, were dispersed about the neighbourhood in open yards, in case the garage got a bomb.

Some 'buses had diesel engines, others petrol. The petrol 'buses had no starters. And those heavy engines took a bit of cranking at 5 a.m. on a winter's morning, after standing in the open all night.

Three of us would sling a rope on the crank and try to start the engine with a sharp pull. If that failed, we'd have to swing it—two men on the crank, right and left-handed. If you caught a backfire on the down stroke, you were lucky if it didn't break your arm.

At first, I took it for granted, as all in the day's work. Then, looking over the dashboards, I saw there was a starter-button on every 'bus. I asked the old hand about it. He said the 'buses had been fitted with starters, when new.

But starters on 'bus engines need powerful batteries. Powerful batteries cost a little more to maintain than the relatively weak batteries necessary for the lights. So the company took the starters off.

A few ha'pence were saved. The cost of our strained hearts and broken arms didn't matter. And, anyway, the company was insured against such accidents.

Now I'm not suggesting the company officials were all bullies and slave-drivers—or that we were all angels.

Everybody Got Annoyed

The garage foreman and the district inspector at that particular depot were the finest men I've ever had the luck to work with.

But they couldn't change the policy.

As for us, we were the average, mixed lot—mainly human. We most of us preferred doing a job right to doing it wrong.

We most of us felt it was our bounden duty to keep those 'buses running, no matter what. But we hated the company's guts.

And so there was continual friction—friction that flared up every year or so into an unofficial strike.

The biggest sufferers, of course, were the public. And the public, of course, blamed us.

No, *we* didn't feel happy about it. In our hearts, I think we most of us felt a bit ashamed. But the fact remained that a lightning strike was the one thing that would bring a High Cockalorum down from head office to find out what was wrong.

That job convinced me that the only way to run a nation-wide public service like transport is to run it *by* the community *for* the community.

The private-profit merchants must find a less harmful way of making money. They've mucked us about too long.

SNARES FOR THE DEMOBBED

New dangers await the ex-Serviceman returning to civil life. Many of them have been planned by financiers; others are devised by men who hope to get an unfair share of the soldier's gratuity. How some schemes are run is exposed by WILLIAM J. GAGE, JOHN BULL'S Special Investigator, who quotes the names and records of several people of whom ex-Servicemen should beware

UNLESS SOME VERY DRASTIC ACTION is taken immediately many thousands of returned Servicemen are destined to be tragically disillusioned. Victorious over German and Jap, they are being earmarked for crushing defeat—at the hands of their own countrymen!

This article is intended to sound a warning note. I hope it will save some at least from falling into the snares prepared for them.

Remember how countless Servicemen lost their gratuities and savings after the first world war?

Some "gratuity" snares are, of course, deliberately conceived. Others are the schemes of speculative or optimistic people who think they will be able to achieve the attractive results they prophesy.

Perhaps the biggest danger to the man with a little money to invest comes from those advertisers who enter into the most fantastic speculations with other people's money.

These are the Facts

You will have seen quite a few warnings in the Press recently. One was issued by Mr. Lewis Silkin, Minister for Town and Country Planning, only the other day. He urged intending investors to be cautious in their inquiries before sinking gratuities in land schemes.

Another warning came from the London and Provincial Theatre Councils and advised equal caution where theatrical investments were concerned.

This is all to the good, but I want to give JOHN BULL readers something a little more concrete.

Land certainly represents the most favoured sphere of operation for speculators. This is because so many people's dream of independence centres upon a small freehold plot and a healthy open-air life.

Unfortunately, a number of men have lost their money already in certain land schemes. I have several cases in my dossier.

In addition to paying through the nose the victim is often misled in other ways. For instance, he may be led to believe that the land is capable of development or ideal for building plots. But one fine morning he is disillusioned by the local authorities, who have to inform him that building cannot be permitted under Town and Country Planning schemes, or that the land is unsuitable for agricultural purposes.

All this the investor could quite easily find out in advance if he would make proper inquiries. But you'd be surprised how neglectful the average person can be in such matters.

Examples? Yes; I can give you examples.

There is the Milton Abbey Estates, of Strickland, Dorset.

It is under the control of a notorious person named Colonel Edmund Octavius Eaton, of Hoylake, Spur Hill, Parkstone, Dorset.

Both he and the Company have been the subject of complaints. Local councils will confirm that.

But they're still advertising for mugs. If any of their literature comes into your hands drop it in the salvage. For all its high-sounding lures its only value is scrap.

I have details of at least half a dozen land ventures in my files.

There are so many other snares I want to deal with. One that always attracts lots of victims depends for its success upon the eagerness of returned Servicemen to get settled in steady, remunerative jobs. Partnerships are offered, or key posts are promised on condition that the job-seeker furnishes an appropriate amount of capital.

The County Estates, of Sparrows Wick, Bushey, Herts, is particularly active in this field. Behind it is a man named H. F. Williams, who, aided by his wife, has been imposing on investors in one way or another for years.

He is very accommodating. People h offers to assist are often assured that eas terms of repayment can be arranged. His on stipulation is that he must conduct an initia survey of the property to be acquired, the fe to be paid by the intending borrower.

A typical case will serve to show how thi works out in practice. A woman reader, be lieving all his glowing promises, paid £25 a a survey fee. But, except for writing a fe letters, Williams did nothing. Not one penn of capital was forthcoming.

In a somewhat different case a farme who had decided to sell certain property wa promised assistance by Williams.

"It is as safe as any money in the Ban of England," he was told. He was thus in duced to part with certain fees for which Williams did precisely nothing.

A warning is needed against an impuden firm called the Scott Reid Syndicate, o Regent Street, London, W.1.

There is nothing modest about its claims It promises clients the highest possible yiel on their capital investments. It makes much of the fact that it has operated for a con siderable time with outstanding and con sistent success. But, as Dr. Joad would say "it depends what you mean by success."

Nothing for Money

It seeks investments of from £50 to £1,00 in a "group racing system." In return it pro mises a monthly yield ranging from £4 to £80 according to the amount invested.

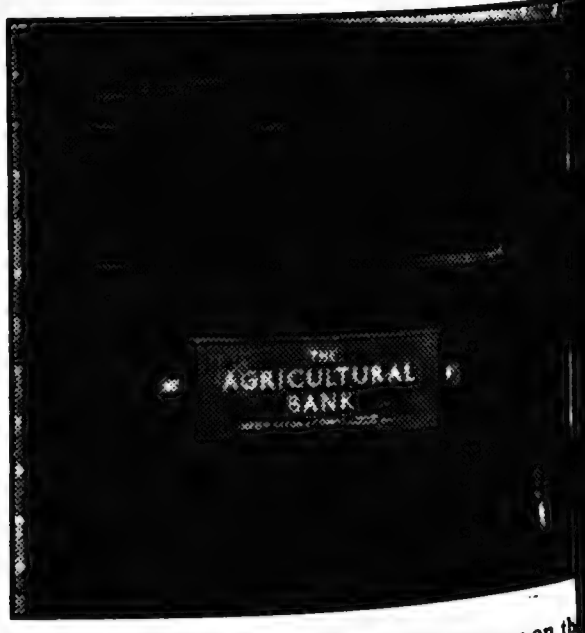
The syndicate is described as a kind o racing bank, working a margin on the fluc tuating odds laid on horses or greyhounds And there are plenty of people gullibl enough to allow it to speculate with thei money.

Behind the scenes is a man who goes b the varied names of G. Morton and G. N. Reid He has been associated with other speculativ schemes.

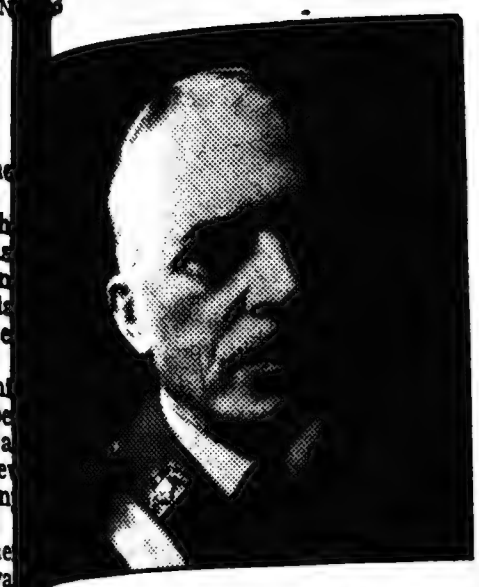
Very similar in design, if less pretentious are the appeals of Mr. William Fletcher, so called Turf Accountant, of 28, Hereford Road London, W.3.

He likes to be known as a big figure i

The estate office of Milton Abbey Estates, at Strickland in Dorset, from which attractive literature is issued offering small-holdings, some of them practically worthless, for sale



The door marked by an arrow in the picture on th left carries the name-plate of the company's ban



Lieutenant-Colonel Edmund Octavius Eaton is behind the scenes of the Milton Abbey Estate land schemes. He has achieved notoriety in the past as a company promoter

Stanley W. Tanfield, another company promoter, who is busy with plans. He has been offering opportunities to invest money in highly speculative land settlement schemes abroad

George Ernest Hector Leroy has for years operated money-making schemes, one of which is the "Employment with investment" trick. His face will be familiar to many past victims

F. R. Fellows, describing himself as an "Accountant and Auditor," promises investors appreciable dividends tax free. He has been convicted for obtaining money by false pretences

the racing world. Again I say it depends what is meant by big. If he refers to his personal bulk, the description may stand.

Here's a sample of his methods.

First bait, an advertisement as follows:

"BOOKMAKER, est. upwards twenty-five years, excellent reputation, would consider partner, tuition given, in preparation of proposed extension of racing, only considered refs. . . ."

To interested applicants Fletcher has generously offered a half-share of the profits. He said there was nothing difficult to learn. In fact, a partner need not necessarily live in London so long as he could put £500 into the business.

One man was so inspired by Fletcher's plausibility that he actually sold a grocery business in order to go into partnership with him. They went to several race meetings together, the idea being that the investor was to be trained as Fletcher's clerk.

The partnership was short-lived. A consistent run of losses deprived the partner of both his savings and his job.

Spurious Estate Agents

Now a special warning for the thrifty Serviceman who dreams of opening a small shop. He is already being marked down as fair game by a host of spurious estate agents and so-called business transfer agents. Indeed, so many newly demobbed men have been defrauded in recent months that the National Union of Shopkeepers is really worried.

In one case an ex-soldier was induced to sink £800 in a shop which proved a disastrous failure. Another paid nearly £1,000 for a small drapery establishment which is losing money every day. Too late he has discovered that it never was a success, but had been "restocked" just before sale to make it appear attractive.

Before me as I write are two cheques for £150 and £130 respectively. They represent the sums paid to a "fly-by-night" firm by a man who lost everything in a bogus business.

This was not just a case of rash speculation, but one of fraud.

At the outset I mentioned the subject of suspicious theatrical ventures. Perhaps I ought to give some details, for many ex-Servicemen lost their gratuities in this class of snare after the first world war and all the signs are that others will be equally unfortunate now.

An unnamed "Professional Man" advertised in a provincial paper recently offering a "liberally remunerative position to a completely trustworthy, active person able to handle correspondence (possibly at own home)." Only "permanently minded" applicants were invited to respond.

Subject of Police Inquiry

The advertiser turned out to be Mr. L. Bernard, of Windsor House, Princes Square, London, W.2. He was after a cash investment in return for a most unsafe position.

I happen to know something of his past. At one time he was musical director at a provincial theatre; but he has been the subject of police inquiry more than once.

With so many questionable offers being made, some would-be investors may think themselves safer in turning to the Stock Exchange. So they would be if dealing through brokers of repute. A fairly recent Act of Parliament makes it necessary for share dealers to be licensed by the Board of Trade. Make sure, therefore, that your man is licensed.

This warning is necessary because brokers, who are quite unrecognised by the Stock Exchange, are still active. One firm in operation until recently was Hamlin and Co., of Regent Street, London.

A woman client who entrusted money to them for investment decided to draw her profits when, on paper, they reached £2,500. Hamlin and Co. couldn't pay. She had given the firm a free hand to invest moneys on her behalf!

A notorious sharebroker was behind this venture. His name is Arthur David Lincoln Savile, and a previous business of his, carried on as Reid Price and Co., failed in 1940 for £70,000.

He has been twice bankrupt for £16,000 and £31,000 respectively.

A new dodge in share dealing has been adopted by a man named F. R. Fellows, of Preston Drive, Brighton. He describes himself as a "Certified Secretary, Accountant and Auditor," but is endeavouring to interest investors in a venture which seems decidedly odd for one of his alleged profession.

Briefly, he promises investors quick and appreciable dividends TAX FREE. "NOW is the time to get in," he writes. "Send a remittance . . . and sit back and take your tax-free income from month to month."

But Fellows, too, is a man with a past. He has conducted a spurious business as "Accountants and Registrars" from an address in Holborn, London. He has been convicted for obtaining money by false pretences.

Then there are some crooks now active who pretend to be engaged in switch-over factory schemes. They thus aim to attract war workers anxious for peace time jobs.

One man has already collected deposits from a number of dupes who believe he can influence key positions in a factory that is to manufacture builders' equipment.

How Fraud May be Nipped

So now you know why I say the need for action is acute. The protection of the thousands of men who will be demobilised during the next few months is a vital duty.

How is it to be accomplished?

First, by publicity. By widespread warnings of the kind given here.

Secondly, by a much more determined effort upon the part of advertisement managers to exclude from their columns any announcement offering partnerships or investments which have not been fully vetted.

Tribute must be given to the valuable part played by the National Vigilance Committee of the Advertising Association in blacklisting dubious advertisers, but it is to be feared that too many papers do not give this Committee the support it deserves. Some, indeed, are notoriously lax in admitting palpably spurious offers to appear in their small ad. columns.

The fine work of the Citizens' Advice Bureaux throughout the country might be extended to offer help to ex-Servicemen who wish to invest their savings or gratuities.

Meanwhile, the long experience of JOHN BULL's own Free Advice Service is at every reader's disposal. It has saved countless thousands from falling into the clutches of rogues. It hopes to save many more in the future.

FREE SPEECH

OFFICER ATTACKS CLASS B RELEASES

Uninsured cyclists. American ways abroad. Politics in the air. Why not women builders? German opinions. Nature in the raw

WHY DO YOU FIND it necessary to fight the cause of "Class B" Army release men as you did recently (JOHN BULL, September 8)? In the American army a man is a "veteran" if he has eaten a couple of meals in North Africa or elsewhere. Yet we, with six years' Army service, and three years' foreign service, take second place in JOHN BULL to men who haven't got their knees brown yet.

We recently sent home an officer of under thirty to be a policeman under this "Class B" racket, although he had less than two years' service. If the police managed through the difficult war years without this bloke, surely they could hang on for a few months longer.

When the "Class B" release scheme was announced, these men were to be restricted to key personnel of a high order of importance. Now we are astonished to hear claims from theological students philosophers, and a host of comic people. There are signs of a mad scramble to get out on any pretext except honest service.

I volunteered in October, 1939, within the first 300,000. I am due to come out about the 2,000,000 mark with group twenty-five. Or rather, I *was* due to come out. My release looks like being deferred for four months because I was foolish enough to take a commission. I'm browned off. So is my wife.—CAPTAIN, R.A.O.C., C.M.F. (Name and address enclosed.)

*** JOHN BULL pointed out that many men were refusing release under the "Class B" scheme, although they were urgently needed because they had to sacrifice a good deal of the leave and pay granted to men demobilised in the usual way.

No Serviceman may apply for his own release. Applications for release under "Class B" may only be made to the Service authorities by the Ministry of Labour and National Service, and the Ministry must, of course, agree that such release is necessary.—EDITOR.

Money on the Side?

THERE IS SOMETHING to be said for free enterprise as it is practised in the United States. A pilot officer friend, just back from America, tells me that the banks in Tennessee have special left-handed cheque books.

They found that ordinary books with the counterfoils on the left are awkward for left-handed people. So they have a special issue with the counterfoils on the right.—A. CRUSE, 18, St. Matthews Road, Cotham, Bristol.

Make Cyclists Pay

I THINK THE GOVERNMENT should tax cyclists 10s. a year and also compel them to have third-party insurance.

I saw a woman knocked down the other day. Her clothes were ruined but all she got was an apology from the cyclist. — GUNNER GEORGE PRENTICE, Royal Artillery, B.A.O.R. (Address enclosed.)

Liberated—and Bitter

GOING TO AND FRO on the Continent we have been disturbed to see the level to which Russian displaced persons have sunk. But we have always excused them out of pity for their sufferings and because of their general educational backwardness.

We cannot find the same excuse for soldiers hailing from a country which claims to have reached the peak of civilisation—America. I have spent three days' leave in Brussels and have had to listen to a whole series of stories about the misbehaviour of American troops.

The Belgian papers have begun to print the most pointed cartoons. On the whole, the stock of the British soldier stands very high. Whether it remains so depends on the self-discipline of every British Serviceman.—LANCE-CORPORAL W. H., B.A.O.R.

Who Runs the B.B.C.?

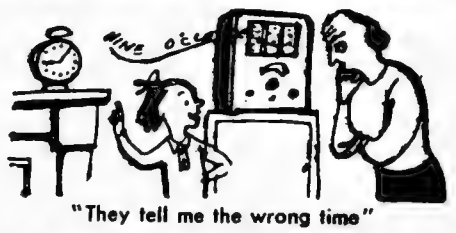
THERE IS TROUBLE at the B.B.C. A member of the Spanish section has resigned because of her disagreement with the decision to ban broadcasts in favour of Mr. Bevin's anti-Franco policy. This makes me wonder.

How much influence has the Government on B.B.C. officials? I understand that the B.B.C. had to carry out the policy of the Government in power—but this latest happening seems to prove otherwise.—J. CROLL, 27, Lorne Crescent, Dentonholme, Carlisle.

Timepiece

MY CHILD IS ONLY just five and can tell the time perfectly. The B.B.C. announcers cannot. Three times lately they have told me the wrong time.

Before the war I was taken round



"They tell me the wrong time"

the studios at Broadcasting House and the place seemed full of electric clocks. Perhaps they all tell different times.—MRS. J. LAMBERT, King's Road, S.W.3.

Store Magicians

FROM TIME TO TIME the big stores have a demonstrator who shows how cloth can be invisibly mended with a hot iron and a sheet of "specially prepared" glue.

As an invisible mender for a number of years, may I give a word of warning? Ask the demonstrator to mend a hole for you. That's easy.

Ask him to let you handle the cloth. That's not so easy, but if you manage it, you will generally find that if you brush your hand over the patch loose threads will appear straight away. In fact, you might as well resort to rubber patches and solution. Don't print my address—not that I'm afraid of the "store magicians."—H. E. BROAKE, Leeds 8.

British in India

VICTOR THOMPSON was wrong when he wrote of India: "All parties want the British to quit India and are prepared to fight if she doesn't." (JOHN BULL, October 13.) Hundreds of thousands of half-castes—once known as Eurasians and now called Anglo-Indians—depend on our promise of British protection.

Without that protection their lot would be miserable. And the immensely powerful Indian princes, many of whose States are administered with British advice on admirably progressive lines, are dismayed at the prospect of domination by a Hindu Congress.

The princes fear not only the confiscation of their vast wealth for the benefit of the utterly selfish industrialists who, as Thompson rightly says, are at the back of the saintly Gandhi. They also fear that their efficiently run States will, if we leave India, be dragged down to the famine-ridden chaos of Bengal under that Presidency's Indian politicians.—WILFRED WEBSTER, 50, Thornton Road, Clapham Park, S.W.12.

A Woman and War Paint

WHY NOT MAKE full use of women to build the houses we need? There must be many, like myself, who have had to tackle painting and decorating during the war. I've rather enjoyed the job and would like to train properly.

A woman friend of mine is an expert bricklayer. With practice and tuition women could do the finishing of houses while the men did the outside work. You had better not give my name and address as I do not want a queue outside my door.—MRS. F. B., Yorkshire.

Playing to the Gallery

THE MOST IRRITATING FEATURE of football matches is the throw in. When a defender persistently kicks the ball out of play to relieve pressure and gain time for his side a free kick should be given

The flat racing season ended at the beginning of this month. I have now called on twenty-three firms of estate agents, and it looks as if my "flat racing" season will never end.—J. NORMAN, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

"Kicks the ball out of play"

against him every time. The proper place for a football is on the field, and not in the stand or on the terrace.—T. R. A., Sheffield. (Address enclosed.)

"What About my Letter?"

I ALWAYS THOUGHT that JOHN BULL fought for the working-class and believed in fair treatment, but I wrote a letter quite a month or six weeks ago asking you to put it in "Free Speech."

I wrote about pensions for widows under sixty. I am fifty-five and too ill to work. Out of 32s. 6d. a week I have to find food, coal, clothes, rent and everything else. Surely you don't think that is right? Yet you did not print my letter.—MRS. ROBERTS, Stoke-on-Trent.

*** JOHN BULL cannot reasonably be accused of indifference to pensioners. For years we have been fighting for them. Unfortunately, we cannot possibly print more than a tiny selection of letters, even though we strongly back their claim for humane consideration.

Shoes for a Nurse

MY DAUGHTER—a State Registered Nurse—urgently needs a pair of shoes. We have spent three of her precious leave days searching for some. All in vain

Her next leave day falls on a Sunday, so for some time yet she will have to run round the wards practically soleless.—MRS. E. L., Preston, Lancs.

Waitresses Don't Care

WHY CANNOT the railway companies supply a decent cup of tea? I've been doing a good deal of travelling and have yet to enjoy my station tea.

The equipment is there in the buffets, but the girls behind the counter do not seem to care what they serve.—Rev. ALEXANDER C. BLAIN, Orrell Park, Liverpool 9.

"Stupid British"

MY HUSBAND, working with an allen company in a German forest, had to go to the Medical Officer with a badly cut finger. The waiting-room was full—mostly with Germans—and of course, he had to wait.

He overheard two Germans talking. One said he liked the British better than the French. The other agreed, but he thought the British were all so stupid.

My husband, who knows German perfectly, turned and asked why. "Well," said the German, "you won the war but you still have to work like us. If we had won we would not be working." My husband is a Russian. — Mrs. T. A., Brecon, South Wales.

Knowledge on the Doorstep

WHY DO THE public ignore the non-fiction side of public libraries? Informative books covering all manner of subjects are available for the asking, yet people write to JOHN BULL seeking books

about plastics, house-decorating and careers.

I work at a public library and it is a delight to show interested borrowers the treasures of the non-fiction section.—W. ABBOTT, Kent. (Address enclosed.)

Poland and the Charter

IN YOUR ARTICLE about the Jews and the Arabs (JOHN BULL, October 20), your correspondent says that either the British must break their promise to the Jews (the Balfour Declaration) or to the Arabs (the Atlantic Charter).

As I understand it, the British did not care much about the principles of the Atlantic Charter when they gave half Poland to Russia without consulting the inhabitants. Why keep up the pretence that the Atlantic Charter has any bearing on Power Politics? — WARRANT OFFICER S., Polish Air Force. (Address enclosed.)

Vision of Contentment

WHILE RECEIVING TREATMENT recently from a masseuse I remarked on the patience and good-humour she and her colleagues showed.

"Oh, it's nothing," she answered, "the patients need us. They've all got something wrong with them. We've got nothing the matter with us, and we ought to be thankful." That masseuse was totally blind.—A. E. S., Swindon, Wilts.

*"Our correspondent asks us to send his guinea to charity and requests that he remain anonymous. The guinea has been sent to the clinic where the masseuse works.—EDITOR.

Song of the Scissors

THREE YEARS as a part-time ship's barber have convinced me that haircutting is the world's worst trade. No wonder a barber is so talkative.

If he did not talk, the eternal clip

"Eternal clip of the scissors"

of the scissors would drive him mad. Please be chatty—it helps your barber and you will get a better haircut.—TEL. C.D.R., c/o Fleet Mail Office, South Shields.

No Pity for Germans

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, Mrs. Hoole of Bristol, asks if she is to believe the British people will stand by and let thousands of defenceless German women and children die of starvation. (JOHN BULL, October 20.)

Speaking for myself, if all the seventy or eighty millions of Germans were to die I would lose no sleep. The world would be cleaner for their passing.—JAMES MCINTYRE DICKSON, 52, Orchard Park Avenue, Giffnock, Renfrewshire.

Tale for Toddlers

WHAT A BLESSING it would be to mothers if the B.B.C. would broadcast a story for the toddlers to listen to each morning, say, at about 11.30.

This would encourage the energetic kiddies to rest for half an hour.—MRS. B. J. BAILEY, Bishops Lydeard, nr. Taunton, Somerset.

Beauty in the Raw

HUMAN NATURE in the raw is seldom beautiful, and there are very few women who are not improved by a delicate and natural make-up. I disagree absolutely with Mr. Jones who thinks lipstick is not a necessity (JOHN BULL, October 20). Cosmetics to the average woman mean as much as the usual pint to a man. We don't grudge men their beer.—MISS BARBARA MITCHELL, 5, North Shore Street, Campbeltown, Argyll, Scotland.

PEACE-WORK FOR THE W.V.S.

It is first-rate news that the Women's Voluntary Services—ministering angels of war time—are to go on with their splendid work. How will they operate? What are the new jobs they will do? Peace time plans for the W.V.S. are here examined and future plans discussed

SHE WAS THE WOMAN who gave you tea when your house was bombed. She stopped young Mary's tears with a timely sweet. She saw that you had some milk for the baby at the rest centre.

She called on you about the war-savings. She was at the church hall when you went to change your youngster's outgrown blouses for something bigger. She was on duty every other day at the British Restaurant. She met evacuee trains and took old ladies to hospital.

Not a remarkable woman. Not so young and not so old. Not well-dressed; in fact, a little war-shabby, distinguished only by that grey and red badge in the lapel of her coat. Just an ordinary woman. Like yourself. Maybe she was you.

The badge was the badge of the Women's Voluntary Services. Nearly a million women still wear it, with a sort of proud modesty. Well, the life of the W.V.S. has been extended by two years. They deserve this recognition of their war time record.

They have done far more than its founders ever dreamed would be possible in those days of crisis.

The Women's Share

When the Cabinet decided that the impending war would require an all out national effort, Sir Samuel Hoare believed that women would want to do their share. He spoke to Lady Reading, and between them they conceived the idea of a spare time service for women—at first as an auxiliary to the A.R.P.

Lady Reading called together a committee, and, as simply as that, the W.V.S. was born.

During the fighting years the W.V.S., as one of its headquarters staff said, did "any job that no one else was doing." Nothing was too large or too small. Or too thankless.

They tended the graves of American Servicemen. They found billets for foreign refugees and cared for them themselves. They collected rose hips for the Ministry of Health and walking sticks for old people. They made pies for agricultural workers. They organised and ran rest centres. Some of them, quiet, unspectacular women, died at their duty.

Most of their work was concerned with the war, and particularly with the results of enemy bombing. Now that the war is over that work is largely done, yet the calls on the W.V.S. are as many and various as they were during the dark days of 1940.

What is Their Future?

A list issued in September of this year includes eighty-two items, arranged under such general headings as agriculture, food, children, clothing, health, housing, Services' welfare. It seems there is no part of the daily life of the country in which they do not take some share.

How long will they continue to do so after their two years' reprieve is at an end? What is the future of the W.V.S.? Their record of service demands that there must be a future.

The established voluntary societies might perhaps absorb a few of the vast membership. But these women, except a small minority, are not charity workers in the sense that we knew before the war.

They are mainly the ordinary

"Lady Reading called together a committee, and, as simply as that, the W.V.S. was born"

working women of our towns and villages who have, somehow, by some feminine miracle, found time, in all the difficult round of these arduous days, to lend a helping hand, more as friends than as organisers.

Maybe you feel that their work is now a State responsibility

But the State cannot work on the street-to-street, door-to-door level. There is still—and will always be—a future for good neighbourliness.

Helping Young Wives

The good neighbour in the W.V.S. has an abundance of what the Americans call "know how." She can help you make and mend your clothes. She can show you how to fix fuses. She'll find new recipes for you, and help you to try them out. She'll give you a hand with official forms.

Such work, helping to teach young wives domestic craft and tactfully polishing up the methods of older housewives, is part of the immediate and permanent future for the W.V.S. It can take homecraft classes into the people's homes.

But there are bigger assignments waiting, assignments which brought the decision to continue the life of the organisation.

Some of these are "clearing up" jobs, inevitable in a transition period. Some are developments of schemes created by the W.V.S. in the dark days. Ideas conceived and launched by ordinary spare-time workers that have proved their worth and demand nation-wide development.

The volunteer car pool, started to provide transport during the war for invalids who either could not obtain or afford cars, is a W.V.S. innovation that is to continue.

The hostels for old people have won official approval. They are to be enlarged and expanded. So are the maternity homes for unmarried mothers. And the children's clothing exchanges.

Another important job on the immediate schedule is the organisation of hostels for hospital staffs. Also on the list is the establishment of special centres where women may be trained in mothercraft.

It is a full and inspiring programme for the million spare-time workers.

Already there have been instances of W.V.S. members being asked to serve on local housing committees, to advise from their special knowledge on replanning and rebuilding.

In Norfolk, for example, six women have been asked to discuss council houses with their urban district council. These were not specially trained women. They were simple housewives, working women.

Spreading Instruction

In ways like this a valuable liaison force is being built up to act between Government and people. It will operate during the next two years in a variety of ways

One of its most important jobs will be to spread instruction and information about current problems. For this purpose "schools" are being held in various parts of the country where W.V.S. members can meet personnel from the local authorities for exchanges of views and theories.

The information thus gleaned is then passed on to the other women. The "schools" are also addressed by experts.

Equally important is the job the W.V.S. is doing with the re-homing of people as new accommodation becomes available. They are telling people how to use the new kinds of domestic apparatus that is coming into use, and they are conducting a drive to supply plants to stock and beautify bare new gardens.

Perhaps the most important current activity is the recruitment for full-time service of members who are willing to go overseas for welfare work for the Services in Europe and areas under SEAC control. This is a very big job. Women are still urgently wanted for it.

Recruits Still Wanted

The W.V.S. will continue to take recruits from all sources. Girls from the colleges, youngsters from Youth Clubs, factory workers becoming redundant—they can all be found useful and interesting jobs in the W.V.S.

The cost of the W.V.S. organisation is now being borne by the Exchequer instead of by local authorities. Practically, this makes no difference. It is merely a paper change, brought about by the closing of the A.R.P. accounts.

At the end of the two years' extension of life the fate of the W.V.S. is again to be considered by the Cabinet.

Let us hope that the decision will be to carry on permanently this free organisation of common people that has given each of the million women with the little grey and red badge a small, proud share in the running of their country.

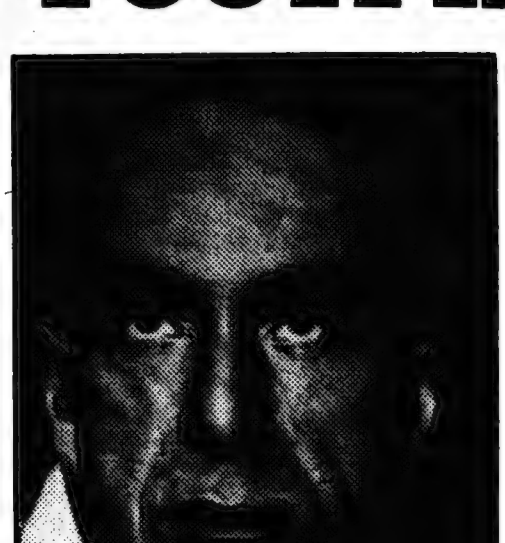
MARY BRIDGER.

THE DEVIL'S FOOTPRINTS

Elementals, evil spirits, and ghosts have haunted the imagination of men since the earliest times. Many supposed psychic phenomena have obviously been old wives' tales, but there remain others which even modern scientists have been unable to explain. Among them are the poltergeists, described and discussed

by

VINCENT BROME



Harry Price, famous investigator of "hauntings and psychic phenomena".

ONE COLD FEBRUARY night when the snow had settled thickly over southern England, a remarkable creature came striding across the roof-tops of Devonshire.

That might be the beginning of a modern fairy-tale, but this happened in all reality. The creature made a bee-line for its objective. Whenever a house intervened, it simply walked over it.

Strictly, the word "walked" should be hopped. From the tracks left in the snow it was quite obvious that the animal had only one leg. It left a single line of hoof marks each spaced exactly 8½ in. apart, one directly in front of another.

Yet nobody saw or heard the animal in its headlong rush. It was daylight before its tracks were retraced. There were other odd features about them.

They began abruptly at Totnes, without any rhyme or reason. They had no connection with the sea to give the clue to some ocean monster. In fact, they were the tracks of something quite unknown to man.

Trail Ran for Miles

Altogether the trail ran for a hundred miles across Devonshire, and then, as abruptly as they began, the prints vanished again.

One hundred miles in a night is good going for an animal with four legs. But for something with only one. . . .

Another piece of supernatural nonsense? This time the answer is No. It may have been supernatural. It was not nonsense. Without the evidence in the snow, of course, the whole story would have collapsed. But hundreds of people testified to seeing the prints. They belonged to no animal known to man.

In the end, several learned gentlemen sifted every fragment of evidence they could find. They tried to build up rational explanations.

They looked for trickery. It was of no avail. The mysterious visitor who came and went in a single night remains a complete mystery.

Harry Price tells this story in his latest book, *Poltergeist Over England* (Country Life, 18s.). He makes this distinction between a ghost and a poltergeist. One haunts, the other infests.

He goes on to suggest that the poltergeist is noisy, destructive and cruel. Yet the thing with the single leg appears to have been soundless, destroyed nothing and disturbed no one except the investigators.

The poltergeist is an evil agency. It causes things to move or break of their own accord.

It may also attack human beings, as in the remarkable case of Eleonore Zugun.

She was born at Talpa, Rumania, in 1913. "At the age of twelve," writes Price, "she went to live with her grandparents at a village named Buhai.

"A few days after Eleonore's arrival, a shower of stones entered their cottage. Several windows were smashed.

"Then, in full sunlight, a big piece of stone and half a brick entered the house, breaking windows. No one was seen to throw the missiles which invariably fell at the child's feet."

This unpleasant activity recurred time and again. Then came an extraordinary development.

Sitting quietly by herself reading a book, the girl would suddenly cry out a cry, and simultaneously, her arm, leg or body, appeared a weal.

Marks of a Bite

Under close observation by the independent witnesses the same thing happened. Sometimes there were several weals, as though from a whip, and sometimes the indentations of teeth marks, as though from a bite.

In due course, the whole psychical world was agog with the story. Arrangements were made for the members of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research to carry out tests.

Under these tests the spontaneous weals continued to appear. Mrs. Clephan Palmer reported as follows: "Eleonore was sitting at the table tying up in its box the toy I had given her the day before, when she suddenly winced violently as if in acute pain. On looking at her face we found long scratches which gradually developed into white weals. A few minutes later, when she was standing near a window, she winced again and pointed to her arm. What looked like teeth marks had appeared."

Five expert observers concluded there was no trickery about Eleonore, but there might be some psychological explanation.

So they dug back into her past and found something interesting.

As the early poltergeist episodes developed, the child's parents had become alarmed. The villagers there put it all down to Dracu, the Devil. They threatened to put the child in an asylum.

Fear of a Devil

From that time Dracu became a deep-rooted fear in Eleonore's mind. Later, she tried to reconcile the Devil by leaving about tit-bits of food for it. Sometimes her fear was too strong. Then her "higher nervous centres" reacted so violently that they brought her out in weals in the same way that a highly nervous person may come out in a rash.

So there were two possible explanations. A very original poltergeist at work, or just another case of neurosis. The choice is yours.

It is easy enough to expose fakes in the poltergeist world. A large percentage of stories do not bear common-sense analysis. There is much nonsense masquerading as convincing evidence.

But when all that is said, what of the remaining stories? Stories like the strange creature which strode across the Devon roof-tops on a snowy night, and left its tracks to amaze the world?

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

DEAR BILL,—Thanks for your letter. You seem to have been moved around a lot since we saw you off to Germany after your leave a couple of months ago.

I met Connie Smith the other day and she said tell you to keep away from those frauleins. She's got her eye on you, and I must say your dad and I wouldn't mind.

She's a nice girl, which is more than you can say for a lot these days. I told her if she's thinking of marrying you in a year or two she'd better start now to look for somewhere to live.

Her father and mother came back from being evacuated last week with all their furniture. But while they had been waiting for the movers to move them, the house had been taken over by the Ministry of something. So they spent the first night in the furniture van and then went back to the country.

THEY HAD A NICE HOUSE down there with a garden. But when they got back they found someone else had already moved in, so now they are living in the summer-house.

Your dad and I went to see the Robinsons the other day. They have found a place at last. It is a disused double-decker 'bus which has been converted into flats. It is not bad, but they don't like the people upstairs.

Mr. Robinson is a scream. He kept shouting "Fares, please," and said he is afraid that if anyone rings the doorbell twice the 'bus will move off, and they'll end up in the garage.

FRED AND MINNIE are still house-hunting. They found a shed to let in someone's back garden the other day. They moved in, but only stayed two days because Fred couldn't get on with the hens that slept there, too.

Ted Green got married on Wednesday. It was a lovely wedding, and, judging by the reception afterwards, Ted's father must know a good Black Market. The happy pair are living in the cellar at her people's house.

I told him he ought to borrow some of the old people's furniture and share with Tom, because Tom is paying rent for an empty flat. He can't move in because he isn't allowed any furniture units.

Ted struck one house which sounded just right for him, and he was just going to sign the agreement when he found that some Italian prisoners were billeted in two of the rooms. He was expected to take them over as part of the fittings.

One agent he saw wanted to let him a greenhouse for ten guineas a week. The people were willing to move the plants out, but not the duckboards.

We have had the bomb damage repair men here since I wrote to you last. They worked hard the first day and removed all the temporary repairs dad had done.

Then they played cards and drank our tea ration for five days, and after that they disappeared and haven't come back again.

WE WENT TO SEE the council, but they said they thought the men must be helping in a demonstration to demand 3s. an hour. Dad has managed to put back part of the repair work they pulled down, but we are still living in the kitchen because they tore up the floor of the sitting-room to make a fire on one of those cold days.

We're looking forward to your next leave. If you can get hold of an Army tent, you'd better bring it with you. Then we can put it up in your bedroom for you to sleep in because the rain comes through where one of the bomb damage men put his foot through the roof.

No more now. Love from us all.—MOTHER.

He met the stare of the picture squarely and raised his glass and spoke: "A live dog is better than a dead lion any day"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

great possessions

For years he had worked for the Old Man, a browbeaten slave. Now he owned the house, the money, everything. But dead men sometimes live on ★ ★ by NORAH LOFTS

MR. JOHN WAS THE LAST TO GO. He ran down the steps, calling as he ran: "Goodbye, Simpson; look out that nobody marries you for your money!"

He settled more firmly upon his handsome head the ridiculous little cap which officers seemed to be wearing in this war and stepped out briskly, stationwards, through the gathering autumn twilight.

At the top of the steps, dwarfed by the magnificent doorway, dim in the dark clothes of his servitude, Simpson looked after the last mourner yearningly.

There were so many things that he longed to say to Mr. John, things about wanting him always to consider this as his home; things about wanting him to have a share of anything he needed, money, furniture, port or brandy. But the years of gruelling servitude had unfitted Simpson for the rôle of benefactor.

To-morrow, or the next day, when his mind had recovered a little from the shock, he would write to Mr. John. At the moment Simpson could only look after him yearningly, thinking—he's the only one who was decent about it—and then, turning, he entered the house and closed the heavy door.

Once inside he relaxed, wiped his brow and his damp palms and loosened his collar. A terrible day it had been; the terrible climax of a terrible period of stress and strain. For three long months the Old Man had lain helpless, refusing to have anyone but Simpson touch him and apparently finding his only entertainment, sport or consolation in the intensified bullying of the harassed little man.

Simple-minded people, reflected Simpson, would say that at the last moment the Old Man had repented of his bullying and left the house and the money to the slave whom he had tormented for twenty years in an effort to recompense him.

But they would be wrong. The will had been made with a view to the family's discomfiture and Simpson's embarrassment.

If it were true about the dead looking back at the people and places they had left behind, then the Old Man had had a very happy day indeed to-day.

TO FORTIFY HIMSELF he limped to the table, carefully selected a clean glass, and poured himself some of the best brown sherry. It was far from being the first occasion upon which he had comforted and invigorated himself by taking surreptitious swigs of the Old Man's wines, and there was a wealth of furtiveness in the quick swallow, the drawing of the hand's back across the moist lips, the wary eye turned automatically towards the open door.

And then he remembered, the sherry, the glass from which he drank, the floor on which he stood, the door, the roof over his head, all were his very own!

He had never owned anything worth mentioning; and now he was a rich man; he could have what he wanted, gratify any appetite, pander to every whim, just as the Old Man himself had done. And he wasn't old either—only forty-five.

Simpson poured a second glass of sherry which he sipped in a more leisurely fashion.

So short a time ago, he thought, looking round, remembering how, bidden to hear the reading of the will, he had dared to hope for some modest legacy.

And then how beastly everybody had been, except only the lawyer, who, of course, had an eye to future business, and Mr. John who never had an eye to anything, but lived carelessly, like a bird in a tree.

Well, to hell with the lot of them, he thought, draining his glass.

The twilight was deepening. Almost mechanically he set off on his evening round, locking doors, closing windows.

With every drawn curtain the house seemed to sink into itself a little; and the silence, of which Simpson had been sub-consciously aware ever since the big front door had closed, seemed to thicken and grow. He realised that he was alone in the house.

It was too quiet, he thought, making his way upstairs. Too damn quiet by half.

In the Old Man's bedroom, with its sombre rich austerity, Simpson drew the curtains with his usual care. It was incredible. To-night, if he chose, he could climb into that big bed with its fine smooth sheets and weightless down quilt. He could rest his head upon the pillows from which that big red face had so often bellowed at him, from which those choleric grey eyes had so often glared.

At the thought something happened in the little man's soul; it shook with remembered passion, shuddered again under the strain of abortive revolution. He heard again, as clearly as though the words broke upon his actual ears, the jeering voice saying:

"Go on, Simpson, spit it out! Give in your notice and go back to the Embankment."

HE'D ALWAYS seemed to know, with some infallible sixth sense, just when Simpson reached the end of his tether and thought that there were other jobs.

After all, he would think, there were other men to be served, fetched and carried for. What he could do for the Old Man he could do for some other master, less exacting and malevolent, one who would consider his welfare.

And yet . . . and yet . . . as soon as the tormentor mentioned the Embankment the memory of those old terrible days would overpower him and he would think "Better the devil you know. . . ."

It was as though his soul, like an ancient piano, had only one sound note left, the note of Fear.

However, it was over now. Idly wandering, Simpson reached the bathroom which opened out of the bedroom. The shelves were loaded with the medicines of the dead man's illness. No bottle had been milched of more than three doses, for prescription after prescription had been denounced, with curses, by the irascible patient.

It was a slight relief to Simpson's soul

for his hands to unstopper all the bottles and to empty the many-coloured fluids into the wash basin. It was more than relief, it was joy to take the shiny white bedpan, that glossy Moloch to which his feeble appetite had been sacrificed so often, and smash it into fragments on the edge of the bath.

After that he washed his hands with elaborate care, using the best soap with its subtle fragrance of French Fern.

Feeling better, he returned to the bedroom. He took up from the bedside table the heavy gold hunter and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, arranging the thick chain across his meagre stomach. It should serve him now, after his long servitude to its unvarying punctuality.

Staring round defiantly after he had arranged the watch, the little man's eye fell upon the hem of his late master's new dressing-gown protruding from the door of the carelessly closed wardrobe.

Almost without thinking, he tore off his collar and tie, his shabby black coat and arrayed himself in the rich garment.

The Old Man had never worn it; he had only just bought it when he was taken ill. The folds of it almost smothered Simpson, the hem reached his toes and the pocket was down by his knee, but it was light and warm and its regal crimson colour appealed to his starved, æsthetic sense. He felt a king.

He decided to spend the evening like a king—or like the Old Man. He fetched his own slippers, scuffed, overwrung but comfortable old friends, from his own chilly little room and padded about the house for some time collecting the essentials for his evening's kingliness.

THE COSY STUDY, the most comfortable room in the house, was tidy. He had only to kneel and hold a match to the ready-laid fire and switch on the reading lamp behind the big leather chair.

Close to the chair he pulled a low table upon which he had placed a bottle of brandy, a glass, a box of cigars, a silver ashtray and a book from the Old Man's choice collection of erotic literature.

He had remembered that book; for one evening his master had held it out, open at a picture, and then laughed, saying: "On second thoughts, no! Only put ideas into your head."

But the glance had been tantalising and ever afterwards Simpson had watched for that section of the bookcase to be left unlocked. 'But it never was.

So, now. The little man sat down at last.

He poured some brandy into a glass, wondering as he did so how much such brandy was worth nowadays, flexed his thin lips about the big cigar and took the forbidden book upon his knee.

Behind him, dark against the cream panelling of the wall, hung a portrait of the Old Man, painted by an eminent artist.

Simpson suddenly became conscious of it, and aware of a fidgeting compulsion to turn and look at it.

All that was mean, malignant and cruel in the subject's nature was noted, exposed and recorded there in the harmless paint; the devil and the bully peered out from what the uninitiated, the unbedevilled, unbullied spectator might have taken for a portrait of a handsome, red-faced, jovial fellow who found life very good.

There had been days when Simpson, much bedevilled and bullied, had hated to look at it. And now, to his amazement, he found that, although he had an urge to look, this was one of those days.

The thought that had come to him in the dining-room about the dead retaining their consciousness returned to him. And deep in his heart he knew that if the Old Man had relished the will-reading with an unholy glee, the sight of his servant in his chair, wearing his watch and dressing-gown, drinking his brandy and smoking his cigar, was about to yield him even greater pleasure.

Tremulously, Simpson remembered the sadistic smile which had accompanied his master's shrewder thrusts; and then, remembering that he would see it no more, he took heart, swivelled round in his chair and faced the portrait.

He met the stare of it squarely and raised his glass and spoke the words that came into his mind, "A live dog is better than a dead lion any day."

Instantly a panic seized him. He had spoken aloud.

He was talking to himself When he was a boy he had been told that they who talked to themselves talked to the Devil. And hadn't he felt, often and often, that the Old Man *was* the Devil? Suppose he had been right in so feeling!

With an effort of will and reason he dismissed the thought and raised the glass which he still held in his hand.

As soon, however, as he removed his eyes from the portrait he became again conscious of its stare, boring into the back of his head, starting cold prickles chasing over his scalp and down his spine.

Leaving the chair, he knelt on the hearth, poked the fire and threw on more of the short, clean logs; apple-wood, which the Old Man had sent up from Hampshire, specially for this fire. And a damned bad fire it was, too, thought Simpson, feeling again the chill of the room. Maybe he would be warmer on the other side of the hearth.

He moved over, dragging the table with him. But his nerves knew that he was not moving to escape the draught; he was moving so that he could keep an eye on that portrait.

He knew it; and the Old Man knew it, and was laughing.

Utter nonsense. The Old Man was dead.

He was dead and stiff and cold. That, at any rate, was a fact.

WHY, THEN, did the sense of his presense, of his malice, of his sheer *evil*, creep about in this warm, comfortable, lighted room, gathering strength as Simpson lost it?

To remember him was all very well; it would not have detracted from the evening's enjoyment to have thought of the dead with gratitude, or with triumph, or even with a trifle of sorrow; but . . . and Simpson admitted it reluctantly . . . he still thought of the dead man with *fear*.

Once again, frightened and puzzled, he raised his gaze to the portrait.

It was nothing. It did not mouth or glare at him. If anything, the superficial joviality of it was more evident from this angle.

That in itself was a sinister sign, thought Simpson, with steadily mounting panic. The Old Man was always most dangerous when he looked most bland.

Once again he remembered. One by one he recalled the hurtful things that his master had said and done to him. Once again he reminded himself desperately that such things could never sear his soul again. The mind of spite, the tongue of acid, the glance of scorn, the smile of malice, all, all had gone, were finished, dead. Why, then, was he frightened?

A voice, not his own, a voice which, lacking now its familiar lips and, could only make itself heard through the listener's mind, gave him the answer.

"You're frightened, Simpson, because fear is the only feeling that you have in you.

"You always were frightened. You feared your father first; then you feared your boss; after that it was the sergeant who scared you; and when you

IMMORTAL AND WHY

by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

The Mona Lisa

Some American spoke of a woman as "Beautiful, but dumb"; in another American's phrase, "Easy to look at." But—easy come, easy go. There is no continuous satisfaction in gazing at a lovely, stupid face.

Leonardo da Vinci, who touched with genius all of the many activities in which he engaged, found in painting his best medium of expression.

La Gioconda (Mona Lisa) is his portrait of his wife. Legend says that after lingering over it for four years he considered it unfinished.

Design, colour, technical accomplishment of the highest quality, are there; above all, character.

La Gioconda is Everywoman. The smile of La Gioconda is a world's wonder and a world's enigma.

She is La Jaconde, the jocund, to many. But she is a woman who has borne children, a woman who has assessed men, a woman too experienced to be merry without a sceptical smile.

"She is older than the rocks among which she sits," says Pater. She is the historical, eternal woman, and behind her dark loveliness and her inscrutable smile is the wisdom of the ages.

She is the adopted symbol of France. Events pass. Paris is gay: Paris is occupied, and to each Paris she turns the smile of the woman who is, by experience, patient.

Portrait of a woman, of an original who actually existed, she is a portrait of womankind. She has known evil and has survived it. She is Life's heroine. She is a summing-up of woman comprehended and communicated by the genius Leonardo da Vinci.

It would take a man to master that woman. That has implications.

were free of him you were frightened because you were in the world without money, or shelter, or employment or prospects. I was like that, too, once, long ago, but I wasn't *frightened*.

"And so, for more than twenty years, you were frightened of me on one hand and of the Embankment on the other.

"You thought you feared me because I had money and power. I could see that in your eyes when you looked at me with your impotent hatred. You used to think that if you were rich, well-clad and comfortable you'd never be scared any more. But here you are, rich, well-clad and comfortable, and just as scared as ever.

"It's your nature to be frightened of something, even if it's only of being alone in a silence. Isn't that so?"

"It's true," Simpson's quivering mind admitted. "To-night, since I have nothing else to fear, I'm frightened of a ghost."

"And well you may be," said the relentless voice, "well you may! How could you hope to escape me, when you chose to sit in my favourite room, my customary chair? Listen to my watch, ticking away under your craven heart; look at my clothing swaddling your shrunken limbs.

"Ever heard the saying about dead men's shoes, Simpson? Or the one about the Devil coming where he is often named? Come to that, don't you remember that those who hesitate to name him refer to the *Old Man*? Old Nick. And wasn't I named Nicholas Smedley?"

SHAKING PARALYSIS had Simpson captive now. The cigar fell from his nerveless fingers. And the silence grew deeper and deeper. In all the world there was no sound. There was nothing anywhere. He was alone, alone with a malicious ghost. Even the fire was dying.

"You see, Simpson, my fire will not burn for you nor will my brandy warm you. Neither my clothes nor my chair nor my house will fit you. When you and I were alone here you were not aware of all those empty rooms lying await in the darkness . . . were you? Listen, there! Even my watch has stopped."

That was true. With the cessation of the tiny sound Simpson knew that now the silence was utterly complete . . . like the silence that came upon a theatre between the rising of the curtain and the first word of the play. What was going to begin now? Oh, God, what would he hear in the silence?

The Old Man's voice, teasing, but with a germ of kindliness in it, as there had sometimes been after a spell of torment, went on:

"It was a mistake to sit here, Simpson: a mistake to try apeing me. There's your own little room, you know, cramped, safe and familiar. You'll be all right there. Hurry, now, hurry. Get away before you know what the chill and the silence really forbode. You can move if you make the effort. Get along."

It was true. He could move. Blind with terror, stumbling over the hem of the dressing-gown, stretching his sleeve-muffled hands ahead of him, he reached the bottom of the stairs and began to climb towards safety. What the chill and the silence really boded, what was happening in the room he had abandoned, he could neither know nor guess, but he was running from it, as he had run from danger all his life.

He was almost at the top of the stairs, within sight of his own door, when his foot caught again in the hem of the dressing-gown. Instinctively, as he missed his footing, he threw out his hand to catch at the stair rail, but the sleeve fell over his fingers and defeated his grasp.

In the age-long second between the missed hand-hold and the neck-breaking crash at the stair foot, the little man knew that once more, and for the last time, he had failed to execute an order with sufficient promptitude.

WHY FOOTBALLERS SEE RED

Strike threats by footballers make headline news. And no wonder. Earnings of famous jockeys, boxers and golfers may reach a film star level. For the great footballers—most popular entertainers of the lot if "audiences" count for anything—a mere £8 a week is the maximum. Is this fair to them?

THEY SAY THAT the onlooker sees most of the game. But he only sees one side of it. This is particularly true of professional Soccer, which is one of the finest games in the world—and a heart-break house to hundreds of the youngsters who are drawn into it.

The fan sees the glamour side of football. He sees the packed stands, senses the hum and tingle of the crowd as it waits for the kick-off.

He never sees the other side: the side that prompts the players to threaten strike action.

No, to see what soccer is really like you want to come to a big League ground late in July. The stands are empty; weeds push up in cracks in the concrete; a newspaper drifts in the breeze on the open terrace behind one of the deserted goals.

Trying Out New Talent

But, though the stands are bare, there is a game on. A side door has been left open, a groundsman is arranging bandages in one of the dressing rooms, and very soon two or three dozen young men or boys come filing in, their football kit in a bundle under their arms.

This is a private trial match and talent scouts have been nominating likely youngsters for a position in one of the teams. The weather is hot, and it has been raining; some of the lads were on the nightshift only the previous evening.

But this snatch of mid-July football means a chance to get into the headlines, and away from the coalface.

A trial match has usually only one spectator, the club's manager, who, as often as not, acts as referee. For the boys on trial, it is usually short but fierce. Only twenty-two can play at once, but perhaps thirty or forty have turned up. So a boy is put into the game, and pulled out of it a few minutes later, just as soon as the manager makes up his mind that there is no future in him.

In this way some of the likely players last until half-time, or even longer.

When it is all over there is a cup of tea, brewed from a huge pot. And cold shower-baths. The big "tub," which could hold a whole team, and which is a feature of all League dressing rooms, has not been stoked up.

Player with "One Leg"

If he is lucky a boy may get an invitation for a second trial. He may be asked to sign amateur forms, even, if he is under the age to sign as a professional.

He may have a good trade, and a shrewd manager, with an eye for a player, may know of a director whose firm would be willing to give him a job locally.

But most of the lads get nothing more than their return ticket home. League soccer in normal times has no place for failures; the standard is high, and the one-man audience is more critical than a 50,000 crowd.

In the dressing-room jargon of soccer a boy may be good, but he may only have one leg—which means he can only kick with his right or left foot. Sometimes you find a good boy with two feet but no head, and he is usually worth training.

Often enough you find a youngster with one very good foot but nothing between the ears. He invariably drifts back to his original job.

Now what happens to the successful ones, the youngsters who will later make the headlines in the sports pages?

Major Buckley, most famous team manager in the country, once told me that football was a fine career for a boy. And he meant it. Sincerely.

But is it? Times have changed. The war has changed them more rapidly than ever. And the financial end of football hasn't changed with them.

League football to-day, far from being a career for a youngster, is a dead end.

Here is the picture of the £ s. d. as a player normally sees it.

On engagement he can get a few pounds; his maximum peace time contract can only be for £8 a week, with a small bonus for a win or a draw. The overwhelming majority of players never get anywhere near this modest figure. Experts have said that £3 a week, round the year, would be nearer the average.

And that in a game where a man is old at thirty, and too old, almost for certain, at thirty-four!

Does it Make Sense?

In addition, a player can receive a benefit—maximum £500—for five-years of service. If he is transferred he can receive, from the often huge transfer fee, a portion of his accrued benefit from the club he is leaving.

Does this make sense, in 1945?

The Players Union, representing the footballers, says very emphatically that it doesn't.

The Players Union points out that a low ceiling has been fixed to a player's wages, irrespective of his ability. You can make a fortune from golf, from boxing, from baseball, from horse racing and so on, but you can only make £10 a week on your good weeks at football.

Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler, with two-days growth of beard on his chin, once slugged his way round the ring to the tune of more than £200,000 for one fight; Babe Ruth slammed the ball out of the Yankee Stadium and received a prince's ransom; Gordon Richards earns and deserves a five-figure salary as star jockey.

In the film and vaudeville worlds the entertainer is considered worthy of his hire.

But Alex James, greatest football showman of them all, took his £8 a week from the Arsenal with a bonus when they won. Stan Matthews, dapper-footed right-winger of the England teams, who has succeeded James as leading football idol of his day, can get no more.

Pros Fear the Future

It is true that football is usually a part-time occupation, but the Soccer stars argue that there is no need why it should be.

To-day, in these abnormal times, pay is on a wholly part-time basis. The complaint of the professionals is not based so much on conditions at the moment—for most of them are in the Services or on priority work, anyway—but on conditions as they are afraid they will develop into in a year or two.

When normal times return the pros fear that their old peace-time wages and employment conditions will return with them, stepped up a little to balance the rise in the cost of living.

And that, say the players simply isn't good enough. In short, the players want Soccer to be a career on its merits—not to be a humdrum business of picking up an odd pound on a Saturday afternoon.

HILTON LUND.

"What do you mean, YOU couldn't get on?"

"Look! MY PANS SHINE IN HALF THE TIME now I've gone modern with MIRRO!"

Mirro's special detergent cuts through grease and dissolves sticky scum in seconds. Buy an 8d. giant canister of this "screen-sifted" non-scratch cleanser to-day.

Go Modern with

MIRRO

THE SAFE SPEEDY CLEANSER

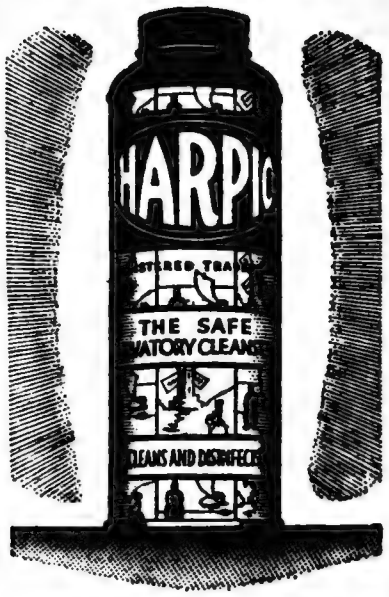
THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

SOFT...
SOFTER...
SOFTEX
TOILET TISSUE

HYGIENIC
ECONOMICAL

A SWAN MILL PRODUCT, LONDON, W.1.

An easy way to clean the lavatory



To clean the lavatory, just sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible. Then flush.

Harpic is thorough and effective in its action — cleans, disinfects, and deodorises. It reaches right into the S-bend, leaving the whole bowl sanitary — the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC
FOR THE LAVATORY

4398-1 Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull and London

The ART of LETTER-WRITING is NOT DEAD!

DURING the past few years millions have been made happy by the written word. Thousands in the Forces have found joy and consolation in putting their thoughts on paper. Letter-writing has proved a boon to all.

The Makers of Basildon Bond believe that many of these Forces' letters deserve permanent record. To do this, and to encourage the art of letter-writing, a competition has been organized for the best Forces' letters written during or since the war. To win a prize, the letter need not be a "literary" effort, need not even be grammatical. "Fine" writing alone doesn't count. *No correspondence will be entered into; every effort will be made to return all original letters.*

BASILDON BOND
BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

£500 in cash prizes for FORCES' LETTERS

You may have had a letter you cherish from a friend or relation in H.M. Forces, or you may still receive one. It may win one of these cash prizes offered by the Makers of Basildon Bond for the best letters written during or since the war by men and women in the Forces.

1st Prize £100 2nd Prize £50 3rd Prize £30
4th5 Prize £20 100 Prizes £3 each

Prizes will be equally divided between the sender and the original writer. All you do is to send the letter you wish to enter to John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., Dept. X, Apsley Mills, Hemel Hempstead, Herts., with your name and address, and that of the writer. Each entry must bear a post-mark no later than January 31st, 1946, the closing date.

No letter will be published without the consent of both writer and sender. The competition is not open to employees of John Dickinson & Co. Ltd., and their advertising agents.

The judges will include: James Agate, famous critic; Margery Anderson, well-known broadcaster; Commander Campbell, original member of the Brains Trust. Their decision is final.

Send your choice today — it might be a prize-winner!

My time is precious — THAT'S WHY I use Johnson's Wax Polish—

Puts a brilliant polish on all floors—and the shine lasts twice as long!

Millions of women say that this amazing Johnson's Wax Polish keeps all floors, furniture and leather bright, sparkling and mirror-like—and it's non-greasy. In tins, 10½d. and 1/6d.

Johnson's Wax is limited in supply, so make yours go as far as you can. Obtainable only from shops.

S. C. JOHNSON & SONS, LIMITED

"I Always Insist on Drene Shampoo" says

BEBE DANIELS

FAMOUS STAR OF STAGE AND RADIO

You, too, can be like the stars — treat your hair to an "All-Star" Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how it sparkles with fascinating highlights. Drene is quick to use and leaves all types of hair as easy to set as ABC... lovelier, more glamorous than ever before.

★ ★

*drene

7½d. and 1/10½d. THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

GUARD YOUR TEETH...
...Night & Morning

The only way to keep your teeth safe from acid is by *regular* cleansing. However rushed you may be, you really cannot afford ever to neglect them. So every night and every morning clean your teeth thoroughly with Phillips' Dental Magnesia. This is the one toothpaste which contains 'Milk of Magnesia'*, recommended by dentists to combat acid in the mouth.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia (Regd.)

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillip's preparation of magnesia.

ALL GOOD WISHES TO YEAST-VITE

Rugby.
May 28th, 1945

Dear Sirs,

Thank you very much for the way you have continued for the past six years, and I am very grateful we were able to get Yeast-Vite tablets for all this time.

Before the War, all my family knew the great qualities of Yeast-Vite tablets and their instant relief, and during the War they were a tremendous help to us in London.

All good wishes for a peaceful, happy and prosperous future.

(Sgd.) Miss F.

MARVELLOUS PICK-ME-UP

Gosport.
May 24th, 1945

Dear Sirs,

I have been a constant user of your Yeast-Vite tablets, finding them a most marvellous pick-me-up. (Sgd.) I. G.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation—go to your chemist TO-DAY for a 1/4 or 3/3 size YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets. (Prices include purchase tax). Owing to the great public demand for Yeast-Vite, and the shortage of bottles, emergency packs must still be used.

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

PURITAN SOAP GIVES DOUBLE-RATION LATHER
3½d per tablet

PU 59-943 CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

More Candlepower for less Watts—that's the difference between a good lamp and a bad one. Ask for Metrovick and Cosmos Lamps, and get the most light and the longest life for the least cost.

METROPOLITAN-VICKERS ELECTRICAL CO., LTD. NUMBER ONE, ELECTRIC AVENUE, LONDON, W.3

Competitions Calling!

HIS SHIP'S HOME NOW!

FOR five long years the young man you see below was serving in the Mediterranean Fleet. Released a few months ago, he came home to his young wife at 8, Bancroft Terrace, Sunderland—and to a job with a local firm of clothing manufacturers.

He also settled down to a hobby—making up *Bullets* each week. And now he has just joined the growing ranks of ex-Servicemen who have won big First Prizes to help solve their peace-time problems.

£200 Winner J. Leviss

A £200 cheque rewarded 29-year-old "Bulleteer," John Leviss, for heading our 1,499th list of winners. And both seasoned competitors as well as beginners can find encouragement in the simple way he made up his neat and thoughtful winning effort, To PRESERVE PEACE—LEADING NEED, NEEDING LEAD.

In recognition of one of his earlier efforts, "Bulleteer" Leviss received a Merit Award, on the back of which appeared a number of past winning *Bullets*. Spotting the value of these as guides to styles of phrasing, he read them through carefully and was struck by one in which a neat effect was achieved by changing round the first letters of two words. Adopting this method, it took him only a few minutes' thought to produce his £200 *Bullet*.

A Vacuum Cleaner, especially welcomed by Mrs. Leviss, accompanied her husband's £200 cash prize. Your reward this week can be a £250 cheque and a fine Christmas Feast. To follow this ex-sailor to the top of the prize-list, your best way to start is by studying these winning *Bullets* below.

1st, 2nd, 3rd

First Prize-winner in *Bullets* 1,501 is Mr. L. Bartram, 23, Reid Street, Darlington. He wins £250 for this terse comment on mistrust between the big powers: Afraid To Trust—One Another, World's "Trustees"!

Second Prize of £25—Sgt. D. M. Beecham, 98, Trinity Rd., Bridlington: Heaven Help Us If—Is "If" In It?

Third Prize of £10—R. W. Shield, 114, St. Peter's Rd., Holy Cross, Willington, Quay-on-Tyne: Come On, Statesmen—Settle "Points," Not "Scores"!

Special Christmas Awards, as announced, added to First, Second and Third Prizes, also to £5 and £2 10s. awards.

Other Winners

Shows He's Nuts—Joins Union—Obeys Agitators! (£5, *R. A. Eite*, 28, *Isandula Rd., Basford, Nottingham*); From Now On—Uninterrupted Run Of Stoppages? (£5, *C. J. Featherstone, Laughton, Nr. Sheffield*); British Builder—*Angrily* Saying "Permit Me!" (£5, *E. Kay*, 15, *Clay St., Gorton, Manchester*); Still In The Queue—Housewives' "Group" Awaiting "Release" (£5, *T. Martins*, 11, *Fern St., Farnworth, Lancs.*); Come On, Statesmen—Be "Sculptors," Not "Statues"! (£5, *L. M. Morby*, 10, *New York Terrace, Charlesworth, Nr. Manchester*); British Justice—Rights, Even For "Rats" (£5, *T. Plummer*, 12, *Fluin Lane, Frodsham, Cheshire*); Posterity's Verdict—"What Mutts! What Guts!" (£5, *P. Smith*, 52, *Ogilvie Terrace, Edinburgh*); British Ex-Servicemen—Won't "Entertain Queues" Again (£5, *L. S. Topham*, 42, *Hands Rd., Sheffield*); Nobody's Died, But—Dad Shan't Cook Again! (£5, *J. A. Walters*, 1, *Maple Rd., Haslingden, Lancs*); Barring The Way—Big Three, Bar Two! (£5, *J. Whapman*, 70, *Menin Lines, Catterick Camp, Yorks.*).

Notifications to 10 £2 10s. winners, and 100 winners of Christmas Cakes (list at these offices) have been posted—also 1,500 Merit Awards.

Rules of Contests

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Two free *Bullets* allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O., make payable to *John Bull*, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated Dec. 15, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

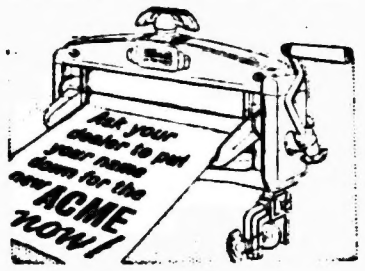
GILBERT WILKINSON ILLUSTRATES A 'BULLET'

Modern Courtship
—"O Star"—"Oh, Rats!"

For five years I've dreamed about my new home—

And as every woman will understand, most of my dreams have been about the kitchen I'd have. How I'm looking forward to my Acme! No wash-day terrors for me, with a wringer that's so easy to use and so easy on the clothes, too. I've seen blankets put through an Acme, and frail little baby clothes, too—and both come out just perfect.

Great news! The day when your dream will come true is drawing near. Soon now new, better-than-ever Acmes will be at your dealers. Lose no time! Be sure that you are among the first to get one of the new Acmes, for the whitest washes and the easiest wash-days you have ever known.



CLUES FOR £100 CROSSWORD

ANOTHER £100 First is waiting in *John Bull's* entertaining Crossword.

Runners-up will share Awards value £25—and to each winner of a prize value 5s. or more, a 4-lb. Christmas Cake will be posted in good time for December 25.

Across

1. Sight of big this excites average sportsman
2. Pendulum often returns with a real this
3. Parents like their tiny babies to be
4. You can get good advice about this on your radio
6. Champion boxer may have real difficulty getting rid of
11. Can shift a surprising quantity of goods
12. It's harder to find a barren one

Down

1. May close a man's mouth
2. Was once used regularly—now hardly at all
5. This word may remind a man of how he was caught
7. A youngster often makes one without thinking
8. Nuts make a welcome addition to
9. It's often cheek to put in one's this where not wanted
10. Is a better climber than most animals

Xword 453 Result

WINNING WORDS: 1. Trucks. 2. Wines. 3. Mops. 4. March. 5. Loses. 6. Bed. 7. Pasting. 8. Site. 9. Eye. 10. Rep. 11. Whale. 12. Fug. 13. Barge. 14. Doge.

SIX £100 SHARERS: F. W. Beecroft, Doncaster; Miss E. M. Day, Gosport; Sgt. A. E. Flack, London, E.8; Pte. S. L. Jary, Walthamstow, E.17; Pte. G. E. Johnson, Uxbridge; H. M. Mitchell, Elie.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 30 entrants. All winners and Runners-up receive Xmas Cakes in addition.

"EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

BRITAIN'S SHARE
ROAD TO UTOPIA
CHRISTMAS IS COMING, SO
GO-SLOW POLICY
IN PARLIAMENT'S SCHOOL
WE, THE PEOPLE
SEEDS OF WAR
GOOD JOB
VALUE FOR MONEY
WORTH THINKING ABOUT
DANGEROUS MAN
NOT A SUCCESS
RED TAPE
UP AND DOWN
WISE PEDESTRIAN

More Fine Prizes

First Prize, £250; Second, £25; Third £10; 10 of £5; 10 of £2 10s. All cheques plus Christmas Dinner Award. 100 4-lb. Christmas Cakes; 1,500 Merit Awards.

For full details, see *Bullets Bulletin*, obtainable as directed on coupon.

LET'S BE SENSIBLE AND
THOSE WHO KNOW
GINGERLY
WIFEY'S WAY
WHITE AS A SHEET

INCOMPLETE "EXAMPLES"
See instructions.

ARMED WITH.....
MUST BE.....
EASY TO.....
..... IMAGINES
AMAZED THE .....
GOING INTO.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" 1,505 (or XWORD 457), "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

HOW TO ENTER FOR "JOHN BULL'S" £100 XWORD

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

ENTRY FEE—6d.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d., to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated Dec. 8. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper list of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

457 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 26.

1 G	A		E		2 S			I	N	G
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			457		12 S		O	R	E	

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

POST THIS "BULLETS" COUPON BY MON., NOV. 26

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET _____

For £50 "Bulletin" dated Dec. 8, enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope

I enclose P.O. value ..... Signed .....

No. ..... Address .....

.....

1,505 Closing Postmark MON., NOV. 26.

She knew he would kiss her that night

Kay fell for him . . . but for all he noticed she might never have existed. Until that night she first used Poudre Tokalon . . . and found herself held in his arms. To use Poudre Tokalon is to know the thrill of allure. It's an adventure in beauty, too, to watch Poudre Tokalon merge smoothly and naturally with your skin. Poudre Tokalon is blended with Mousse of Cream for longer-lasting loveliness—silk-sifted for super-fineness.

In six glamorous shades, Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

Planning a new home?

Are you one of the many who are planning to start a new home—maybe soon—or maybe later on? If so, plan ahead. Plan to make it clean, cosy and comfortable. Plan to make it efficient and economical. Plan to save yourself time and work. It's largely up to you to see that Electricity is used in every room. Visit your Electricity showrooms to discuss your problems.

ELECTRICITY IMPROVES

"What luck! It's White Horse"

"Not luck, good management." "*On your part?*" "Gracious no! The luck is ours in getting it. The good management was the distillers'. In the good old years of plenty they had the forethought to lay down ample stocks so that it should ripen and mature. That's why the White Horse you get to-day — when you're lucky — is still as fine as a fine liqueur." "*Good old White Horse . . here's to the day when we can get more of it.*"

WHITE HORSE

MAXIMUM PRICES:—*Bottles* 25/9; *Half-bottles* 13/6. *as fixed by* The Scotch Whisky Association.

Winter days mean fewer, shorter walks for your dog. But in spite of restricted exercise "one Bob Martin's once a day" will help to keep him healthy Regular conditioning will rid his blood of impurities, help to promote the growth of a warm coat, and keep him a fit, contented companion. In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powder Tablets keep dogs fit

BRITISH WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

write to JOHN BULL about it

Continued from page 3

MEANS TEST ON SAVINGS

as continuous illness for purposes of National Health Insurance Benefit.

Sickness benefit is only payable for the first twenty-six weeks of continuous illness. After this, the disablement benefit is payable.

Baby's Rations

"MY BABY ARRIVED in September, but the grocer would not issue the extra rations until the Green Ration Book bore the child's National Registration number. I went to the Food Office and was asked why the child had not been registered. I told them that we had not yet decided upon a Christian name, and that, in any case, one could wait for forty-two days after birth before registering.

"I then went to the Registrar to record the birth, though the name was still undecided. He asked me to return later when the name was settled. Until then he could not issue the birth certificate.

"Will you tell me (*a*) by what means rations can be obtained for the period from birth to the issue of the Identity Card, and (*b*) whether a Registrar is in order in refusing to accept declaration of birth until the Christian names are given?"

✓ The Ministry of Food tells me that instructions have been given to local Food Offices that in any case where registration of birth is delayed for any reason, temporary arrangements may be made for the extra provisions.

These temporary arrangements are simple. The mother holds a supplementary ration book issued to her as an expectant mother, and the "temporary facilities" may be granted for another four weeks.

If the child's name has not been settled after four weeks, a certificate of birth may be signed by the doctor or midwife. This can be taken to the Food Office and the "temporary provision" will be further increased.

Now about your second question. A Registrar of Births has no right to refuse to register a child until the Christian names can be given. These names may be added within a year.

Small-holding Tenants

"I SHOULD BE GLAD if you would give me some advice about our house and small-holding. We took it in 1930 for fourteen years. When the time expired we became yearly tenants.

"Last September we received notice to quit in 1946. The landlord gave no reason for this. Can he turn us out? We have had very good crops and the War Committee has made no complaints whatever."

✓ A man who is doing good work in the production of food needs all the protection the law can give.

You cannot be compelled to quit the house except by a Court Order. The landlord will have to prove that there is alternative accommodation. If he can do this, the Court will then decide whether it is reasonable to send you away.

If the small-holding is more than two acres, the landlord may be able to obtain possession when the year's notice expires. There is the possibility that the War Agricultural Committee may be willing to requisition the land so that you can continue to carry on.

Savings and Means Test

"WHAT AMOUNT of savings is a person allowed to have before the money is taken into account by the Means Test of the Unemployment Assistance Board."

✓ I wish I could answer in a sentence as brief as your question. The first thing to be said is that War Savings (either Savings Certificates or deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank since September 3, 1939) are not taken into account at all unless they amount to £375 or more.

Other savings are more complicated. The first £25 is ignored, but every other complete £25 is treated as being equal to 6d. a week. Thus £100 would be reckoned as providing you with 1s. 6d. a week.

Where savings or capital assets exceed £400, no unemployment assistance is granted.

A Widow's Rights

"MY HUSBAND DIED without making a will. Can I rightfully claim all his possessions? We had no children."

✓ If the total estate left by your husband is not more than £1,000 in value, you are entitled to everything.

If the value of the estate is more than £1,000; the widow takes all furniture and personal effects, £1,000 absolutely, and a life interest in the remainder.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

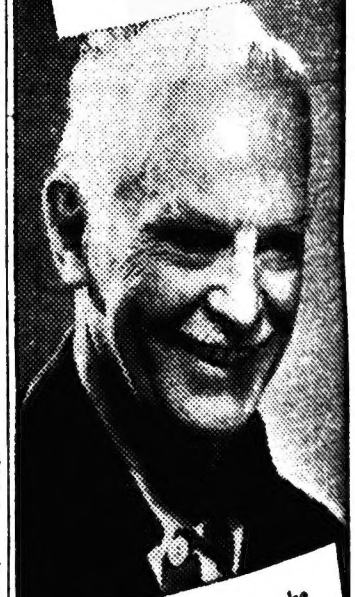
SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

A peep into the future

EKCO TELEVISION

You can't be alert and on top of your job if your bloodstream isn't clean. So—



—every morning take ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" 2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

It's that *beard* again!

Smart men shave with—

Ever-Ready CORRUX **Blades**

DEPENDABLE *and safe*

Lixen is vegetable in composition and entirely devoid of unpleasant after-effects. Its natural action in promoting regularity of the system is produced by an extract of senna pods made gentle and palatable by a special process which removes harshness.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11

LIXEN LOZENGES fruit flavoured in bottles 1/3

Purchase Tax Included

Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

LIXEN

The Good-Natured Laxative

Nerves and Digestion?

more Vitamin B

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way, the way that many doctors recommend, is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. There are no drugs in Phillips Tonic Yeast. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins. You will be amazed at the result of this simple, natural way to restore your nervous system. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. Phillips is the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

A GENTLEMAN writes: "... *am more than delighted with the results. I am sure it has made a new man of me!—no indigestion, tiredness, or irritability, and I feel a hundred times better, and am positive it is due entirely to your Yeast. My father is a Doctor, and he was astounded at the results.*"

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets, 1/3 . . . 150 5/-

Smile and the world smiles with you

There is no help to Beauty greater than a real Odol Smile. Don't risk those lovely teeth. Use Odol. Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls

Keep the winning

Odol *Smile!*

TOOTH-PASTE 1/-
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d
TOOTH POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
DENTURE POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
All prices Inclusive Purchase Tax

This **MANAGER** *says*

"Keeping an eye on important work calls for alertness. Mental lassitude—caused by indigestion—I avoid by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

Digestive upsets are often the result of excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. These painful symptoms can be corrected by a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Ask your Chemist today for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. 1/5 and 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

'Bisurated' Magnesia

the daily round

It is a comfortable thought when facing the daily round to know that in one's pocket is a packet of "Player's" . . .

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN OR CORK TIPS

N.C.C. 7c

. . . **Nerve Pains**

I must get some Phensic straight away

It's remarkable how Phensic relieves pain—and soothes the nerves. It acts so quickly! You feel so refreshed afterwards! No matter whether the pain is rheumatic, sciatica, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago or headache, the effect is just the same—relief quickly in perfect safety.

Two sizes: **1/4** and **3/3** including Purchase Tax

Phensic

Does not harm the heart

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Every morning millions of men say "THANKS A MILLION"

FOR THIS SOFTENING SMOOTHING SOOTHING LATHER

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

RIZLA *News Bulletin*

Cigarette Papers Still a bit scarce owing to post-war difficulties.

Cigarette Machines RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 Cigarettes. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers, ask your Wholesalers for supplies.)

Victory V

GUMS & LOZENGES

will keep you warm!

When should I take **Cephos**

1. At once—if I feel the slightest suggestion of a cold.
2. Whenever I feel feverish or suspect influenza starting.
3. If I feel tired and exhausted and therefore more liable to catch cold or a chill, remember the remedy—

Before your cold is too old take **Cephos**

Sold everywhere in Tablet or Powder form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose 2d. incl. Pur. Tax.

CEPHOS DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

So Soft . . . So Safe
So Secure

SENTINEL

ALL COTTON WOOL
SANITARY TOWELS

In four sizes 1, 2, 3 & 4 (maternity).
Also KUMFEX Soluble.
(All with loop ends).

From all chemists, drapers and stores.

Splendor Ltd., Nottingham

Baby and Sanitary Wear Manufacturers.

The Copper Kettle

TEAS - HOME-MADE CAKES

LATER THAT DAY
I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT THE BUSINESS, MRS. IVES. I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO SHOW A PROFIT BY NEXT QUARTER DAY!
I GOT MUDDLED WITH THE ORDERS TODAY I WAS FAGGED OUT AFTER BOILING A HUGE WASHING
BUT WHY DO YOU BOIL THE WASHING?

YOU MUST, TO GET THINGS CLEAN!
YOU NEEDN'T BOIL WITH RINSO! JUST LET ME SHOW YOU MY WAY, MISS
NEXT WEEK
BUT THEY'RE WONDERFUL, MRS. IVES! JUST 12 MINUTES SOAKING – AND I'M NOT A BIT TIRED!

MONTHS LATER
THE FIGURES ARE VERY SATISFACTORY. YOU'RE MAKING STEADY PROGRESS
THINKS: THANK GOODNESS I FOUND OUT HOW TO MAKE THE HOUSEWORK EASIER. THAT RINSO NO-BOIL TIP HELPED NO END!

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. and 7d. packets

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Growing up on

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It's Cadburys

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